

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 66

3<sup>95</sup>

ALL OF  
JOHN GARGER  
MR.  
DRUMMER  
1983

A  
SLAVE  
TRAINER'S  
LOT  
IS NOT AN  
EASY ONE!

NEW YORK  
BLACK MASK

LEATHER  
AT THE  
RUSSIAN  
RIVER

DRUM

NEW  
FICTION:

ERIC SHARPE  
BIKE

JOHN PRESTON  
PEDRO

RICHARD SAISER  
NIGHT  
COURT





**DRUMMER**

**AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE**



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: Destined to break a thousand hearts in a thousand ports, our ex-Navyman John Garger wears the new Mr. *Drummer* title with ease. Photo by Jim Wigler. Opposite page: Something new in the horse and rider department, stirrups for mounting your slave. Photo by Malexpress Studio Ltd.

VOLUME 7/NUMBER 66/JULY 1983

## GETTING OFF



Our Art Director checks out a potential model for *Drummer's* upcoming ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

You'll meet the staff of *Drummer*, happily chained to their desks, fantasizing away; see the employees down in the warehouse chained to their handtrucks. Enjoy with us the construction on the new *Drummer* offices featuring our handpicked and nude carpenters and plumbers, our hard-working, hard-driving, sweating overseers. It all is just the way you envisioned it and more.

And don't forget to hassle our advertisers. If you see their ads in the big new Anniversary issue, buy something from them. If you don't, go in and piss on their cash registers.

This will be *Drummer's* biggest year by far. Thanks for being with us.

PUBLISHER .....	JOHN H. EMBRY
GENERAL MANAGER .....	MARIO SIMONE
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER .....	JOHN W. ROWBERRY
EDITOR .....	ROBERT PAYNE
ART DIRECTOR .....	DIRK DYKSTRA
PRODUCTION MANAGER/PHOTOGRAPHER .....	JIM WIGLER
GRAPHICS .....	DAVID MARCUM
TYPESETTING .....	THE PRINTED WORD
CIRCULATION .....	L. CHARLES MASSARSKY
READERS SERVICES .....	RICK LEATHERS
	BOB TAUB
	KEN OSADNICK
LEGAL .....	BROWN & FALK
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR .....	TERRY SWEENEY
	(415)864-3456

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# MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

## THE COP ON 65

Enough already! You fuckers are driving me crazy! I saw the picture of this cop (*Drummer* 64) in your centerfold last month and now he is on your cover this month (*Drummer* 65). Okay, who is he?

I have had a hard-on, wet dreams, and fantasies of being stopped by this big fucking cop, taken into the bushes and worked over because I mouthed off.

Now who the fuck is he? I want more pictures of him—he's worth an entire issue all by himself, just having him strip off his uniform. So stop fucking around and give us what we want—that big fucking mystery cop.

Greg Spencer  
Los Angeles, CA

I feel compelled to write to you and find out more information on the man you used for your current cover (*Drummer* 65). What a gorgeous specimen of the male body!

Who is he? I read in the inside of the magazine that he was in a recent contest and I don't understand why he didn't win. What a hunk! I sure would appreciate seeing his face and whatever else he cares to show.

Could you do a feature on him and please me no end? I sure would appreciate it and my friends will to.

We drooled so much on my issue, I'm going to have to buy another copy.

Arleen Dawson  
N. Hollywood, CA

I have a gay brother and I usually ignore his comments about the various men in the magazines he brings home, but when he waved this latest edition (*Drummer* 65) under my nose, I almost fainted.

That cover cop is one beautiful, sexy guy. I took this magazine to my office and the entire secretary pool have refused to believe he is gay. If in fact he is—there are five very aroused women who will gladly try to turn him on.

How about having a follow-up with his face and the entire body this time? I know you have a new audience of five straight women for your magazine just by this hunk's picture. We all think your magazine is far better than *Playgirl*. I can't wait for the next issue.

Thank you for giving us something worth fantasizing over. Just sign us:

5 Hot & Horny Gals  
Hollywood, CA

## BALLPLAYERS

With each issue your fine magazine is proving that there are all kinds of daddies. Aggressive, no-nonsense men who can

kick ass and earn respect. I've been reading where my favorite baseball team is losing games due to a lack of 'discipline.' It's probably true since they're nothing but a bunch of hot-headed ballplayers, always cussin' and carrying on, kicking dirt and shit. There's one player in particular who is always mouthing off and fucking up. You know the type, a real 'badass.' Shit! I'd love the chance to shut that overpaid candy ass's dirty mouth. Maybe some of your tough customers could do something with him? Make those 'pats' on the ass really sting? Just the thought of his hot body squirming helpless beneath me, pleading and begging, gets me hotter 'n hell! I've fantasized pulling on his goddamn blow-dried hair while plowing those buns of his! Fuckin' his ass would be this sports fan's dream come true.

Watching those muscular, pumped up bodies in their skintight uniforms always gets my balls to churning. Especially when the cameraman has more on his mind than pick offs, double plays, and pop flies! Like hot shots of ballplayers stretching, or a close up of a major leaguer's tempting, tender buns, melon-shaped and squeezably hard. Or the gray line of sweat that runs down a player's crack, accentuating each mouth-watering mound. I really dig the sly instances, the seemingly uncontrollable slips, when flesh and muscle collide on the playing field. And the team pile-ups, however brief, that rarely show up in magazines or programs. The virile embraces at the plate, when cock and thigh and cock and ass are pressed together. And in slow motion, no less! So suggestive, albeit 'innocent,' and such a turn-on!

Even more of a turn-on is when a player gets thrown out of the game for 'unsportsmanlike' behavior. Instead of sending him to the showers to cool off, they should make him answer to me. Why let all that hot energy go to waste? I'd know how to deal with the likes of them. Take the one who's always causing problems. Instead of sending him to the showers, I'd knock him on his ass, right there on the playing field, and grind his face into the bag, and make him eat dirt. I'd force him to lick homeplate clean, and then make him thank me for the privilege. When he'd finally admit what a useless piece of shit he really was (it could take a few good kicks in the ass), it would be time to head for the locker room. I can smell the stale sweat sox, the damp, stinking towels, the rank armpits and slimy, hairy assholes, vile and foul smelling, glistening with sweat. Assholes, pink and puckered, moist and warm, begging to be licked and probed, with fingers, tongue

and cock. Twitchin' in eager anticipation. See how that cocky big leaguer likes a teammate's stinkin', steamin' asshole shoved in his face. And he's in the clean up spot! I'd grab the bearest bat and some of the goo the pitcher uses for his spit ball, and when his ass is well lubricated, I'd play him real deep. And you know that ballplayer would be one hell of a fuck. Moaning and groaning, his muscular legs on my shoulders as I pound ten hard inches into his hole while a teammate shoots a blast down his now come-hungry throat. All hell would break loose as the white sticky drool drips from his trembling bottom lip, oozing come down onto his team jersey until another player takes his place. One by one, dirty, sweat-soaked crotches, raunchy cheesy jockstraps, stained with piss and come, get shoved into his handsome face. One player makes him lap up the red clay that stains his left thigh as another pinches his erect nipples unmercifully. As I slap my hand against his firm, round asscheeks in rhythm to the bat's in and out slide, eliciting groans from the stud and pleas for more punishment, more humiliation, more cock and more come. The sight of this superstar jock, stripped, forced into submission, impaled on a baseball bat, and begging for more would bring about an explosion from within my loins that would make my knees buckle, my heart race! Man, oh man, how I'd love it! I'd have him trained in no time! Who knows, maybe someday I'll get my chance. Until then, maybe you guys could publish some more hot photos of ballplayers like you did last season. Thanks.

J.C.

San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: Phew! We'll get back to you right after our cold shower!)

## THE HOTTEST THING

*Drummer* was the first magazine I bought when I turned 18 and was old enough to enter an adult bookstore, and it has been my favorite ever since. Every time I get a new issue, I want to write and tell you how good or bad I think it is; when I got *Drummer* No. 64 I just had to write. The drawings for "One Master, Many Slaves" by Dirk Dykstra are the hottest thing I've ever seen in your fine magazine. That kind of intense B&D just blows me away!

It seems to me that *Drummer* isn't just for the macho male in general (lots of magazines fit that description) but for men who really are leathermen. *Drummer* is the only magazine of its type, so don't hold back! I can go into almost any adult bookstore and see row after row



of magazines featuring women into heavy bondage and undergoing heavy humiliation and discipline. I have been waiting and hoping that you would get heavier and heavier, more graphic, especially bondage-wise, which shouldn't get you into censorship problems. *Drummer* is all we have.

My only other gripe with your wonderful magazine is the absence of pipe-smoking men. You've done two features on cigars, which were both a real turn on, so how about one on pipes? I'm sure I'm not the only faithful reader who is deeply into pipes and the men who smoke them. Thank you for a great magazine.

Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

(Editor's Note: No matter how hard you try, you can only please all the people some of the time. Pipes? Of course! Eventually.)

## STD

Thank you for your recent articles on A.I.D.S. and gay health in *Drummer* No. 65 ("Some of Us Are Dying" by John Preston and "Don't Just Sit There...") and for mentioning the availability of our *Guidelines & Recommendations for Healthful Gay Sexual Activity* brochure. The next edition will have a section on SM practices, an omission that was pointed out to us last month at the 5th National Lesbian & Gay Health Conference in Denver, Colorado. Unfortunately, it probably won't be available until May 1984.

We also appreciated your plea to send donations to the organizations listed in "Don't Just Sit There..." Most of the hard work of local and national STD service organizations is done by a combination of blood, sweat and tears, and a small (very small!) amount of money from donations and/or fundraisers. If the gay and lesbian community would support organizations like they support the United Way, American Cancer Society, American Red Cross, and other mainstream charities, we could do so much more for our communities.

National Coalition  
of Gay STD Services

## ANSWERING THE CALL

You might make a suggestion to the guys that place classified ads: when you get a letter from someone and you're not interested in getting together, drop 'em a note and say so. No one can expect to be everyone's type, so it wouldn't hurt to just say—"Thanks, but no thanks."

B.B.  
Los Angeles, CA

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Larry Townsend, Robert Payne, Charles Musgrave, Wolfgang Vox, Aaron Travis, Frank O'Rourke, Terrance Sagan  
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Jim Wigler, Robert Pruzan, Rink, Terry Photo, Zeus, Roy Dean, Reflex Studio, Wolfgang, Gerhard Pohl, Victor Arimondi, Mark I. Chester, Mike Arlen  
ARTISTS: Bill Ward, Musgrave, Etienne, Cavelo, Matt

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# TO THE CLUB!

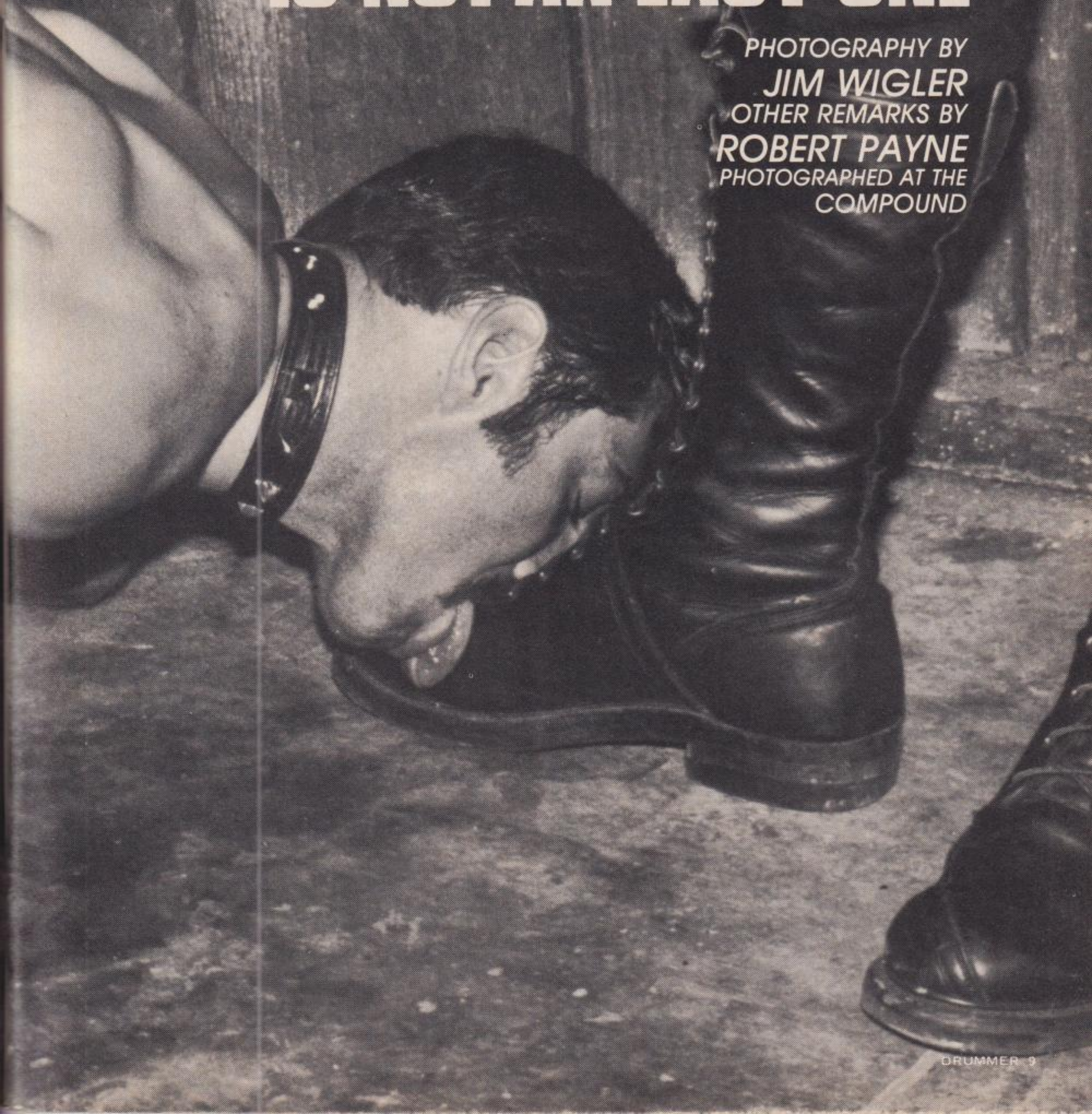






# A SLAVE TRAINER'S LOT IS NOT AN EASY ONE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
**JIM WIGLER**  
OTHER REMARKS BY  
**ROBERT PAYNE**  
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE  
COMPOUND



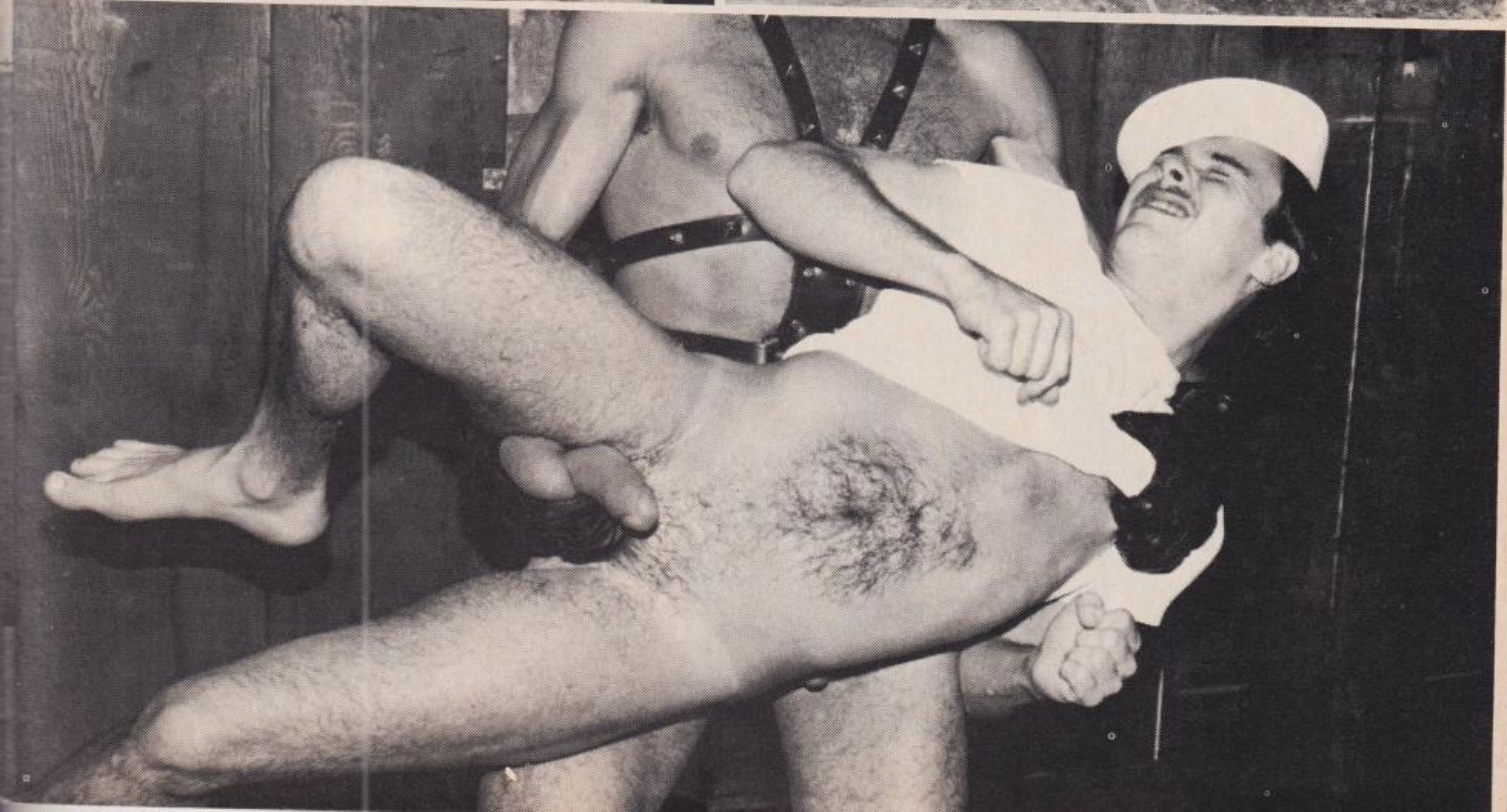




**Steve** decided he wanted to be a big topman in our next session at the Compound. Lord knows, he had served his time on his knees as a bottom. But this go-round he wanted to show us his stuff. So it was agreed. First he had to get out and round up some slaves to train and if he was to have any to work over, he had to find them himself. He eventually brought in somebody else's slave on loan, with his Master's collar and lock still firmly attached to his neck. And somewhere or another he had found a young sailor who felt he might be a better man for having learned to take orders. The Man was there on the scene also to make sure that everything went well and to supervise Steve's debut as a top.

To get Steve fired up The Man made him strip in front of the slaves, then get down to lick his boots. He made all three of the fellows line up against the wall, standing on the balls of their bare feet, spreadeagle while he sent out for beer









and we discussed the project. After the three sets of legs were trembling from the tip-toe routine, The Man made them all get down on the cold concrete floor and spread their cheeks. "A bottom has to show his ass at any time, as well as be reminded that it doesn't belong to him."

I looked at the three tight young asses spread open for our inspection and agreed with him. Nobody moved, including our would-be new topman. I could tell it was a real test for him to be humiliated in front of the two slaves he would soon be allowed to work over.

Finally The Man let Steve get up and put on his new Master's harness, cap and boots while the other two knelt with their asses spread. The Man told them they had a new trainer and they sure the fuck had better do as they were told. He turned to Steve and said, "Go ahead."

Surprisingly, Steve told the sailor to put his uniform back on. The other slave he made stand against the wall as sort of a backdrop. It was a good move and the stripping of the young guy was a turn-on. Steve pulled the top of the guy's uniform off, then ripped his teeshirt to shreds. He





picked him up and slammed him against the wall. "Whose boy are you, asshole?" he hissed.

"Yours, Sir."

"What you gonna do about it, boy?"

"Anything you say, Sir."

"You bet your ass you are," and with that put the guy down on the concrete. Steve made him crawl around in the dirt on his belly, dragging his big balls across the cement. Our representative from the Navy then was made to kiss the other slave's ass, lick Steve's balls, his boots and his legs—but not his cock. Steve had learned well.

Finally the other slave was allowed to turn around and nobody could have been more surprised than he was when Steve picked him up and ripped off the teeshirt he had been allowed to put on. Next came his jock. He was buck naked in front of us again except for his big collar. His Master had locked that on and nobody was to take it off. His Master had told us we could do anything we wanted to him and then told him that he sure as hell had better do as he was told. I don't know how frightened he was of us, but he was cer-







tainly scared of not pleasing his Master. We didn't even know his name, not that that was at all important. He was simply referred to as "Number Two." The sailor was "Number One."

Number Two did an expert job of boot-licking for Steve, both the tops and the soles. Now he had become a topman, Steve was handed a can of beer to join us, and after downing most of it in a couple of swigs, he poured the rest on Number Two. Number One would get the rest of it later, both externally and internally. Steve was doing all right and I was happy to see it.

As most of you know, there is no working plumbing at the Compound. I can't tell you how convenient it is to have a couple of slaves handy as portable piss-pots. Number Two was used to being used, even begged for it, but Number One had to be held down firm at first. Finally after Steve's surprisingly expert leather massage across his backside with a belt, he understood and there was no more reluctance on his part. Steve had





very little conversation with him on the subject.

Most of the one-way dialog was simply Steve's calling the fellows what they were: "asshole," "shithead," "cock-sucker," "dog," and "prickhead." They knew beyond a doubt who he was talking to and they responded. Being called by their numbers seemed to be almost formal after the other names they were referred to by our expert, if foul-mouthed, drillmaster.

Steve worked over Number One's tits, even lifting him up by them. He put clamps on each of them; and when he went to work on the other slave, I watched Number One squirming over in a corner, not daring to touch his chest, let alone the alligator-jawed clips that were biting into his hard, round nipples. He would welcome any other abuse just to get his mind off his nipples.

"What are you going to do with these two assholes when you get them shaped up?" asked The Man.

"Offer them to my friends," Steve said,













# BLACK MASK

Photos by  
Bill Viggiano





The black mask offers unrestrained freedom. From behind it a man can change into a monster, a master, a slave, an angel. The black mask allows the meekest soul to express the most hidden desires, to flaunt obscene passions before crowds that would otherwise intimidate him. The black mask allows the heavy metal master to beg and crawl and offer his bare ass to every hand, whip, or whim of other undisclosed entities. The black mask offers security for the famous and the infamous; it renders the wearer capable of exploding myths, creating legends, acting out fantasies and games and roles otherwise alien or denied him in his everyday existence. The black mask offers unrestrained, absolute freedom.

Each year, in New York, GMSA stages the Black Mask Ball. This year it was held at the Mineshaft, an institution always looking for a new fix. The general public was allowed to attend; the GMSA members (and the public) participated in ritualized and real SM acts and explorations under the sanction of the black masks each wore. Every half-hour some new tableau from the pages of de Sade and Krafft-Ebbing and *Drummer*, from the furthest reaches of the most fertile imaginations was spotlighted and executed with skill, with passion, with expertise: from mummification to ball-beating, from hot wax dripping on bound torsos to testicles stretched beyond believable limits. The handiwork staggered the mind: foreskins clamped to other foreskins, foreskins nailed to the wall, bound bodies hanging from the rafters upside-down, asses flush from rapid, steady paddlings.

And some men, even under the blessing of the black mask, stayed firmly planted, backs to the wall, taking it all in but only participating visually. At the Black Mask Ball you have the choice: stand back and watch, or take it to the limit. □





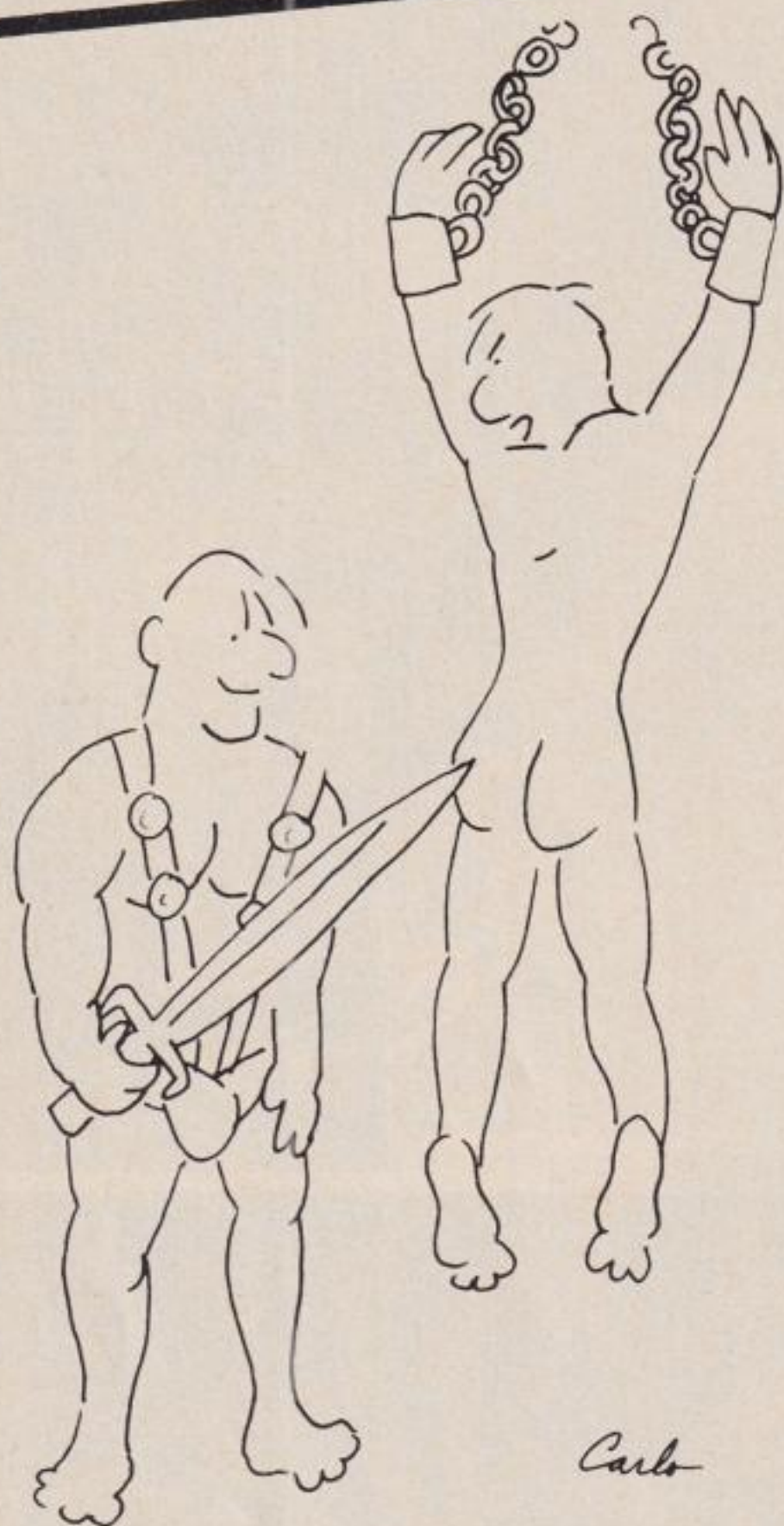








# DRUMSTICKS



Carlo



Carlo

## THREE HAIKUS

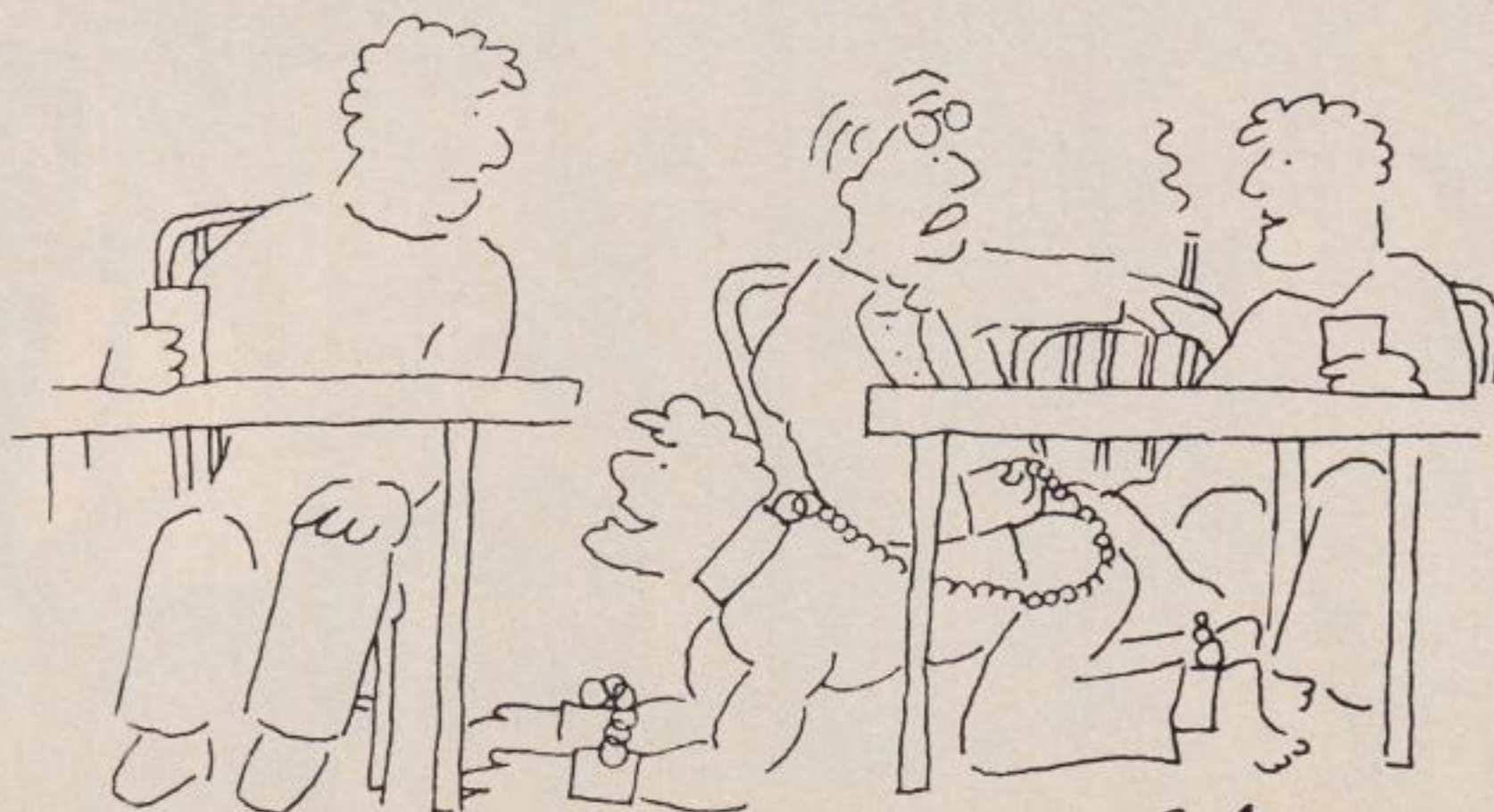
Speaking on the phone  
I was stroking my hard dick.  
Was he there also?

Not asking his name,  
I sucked him off in the toilet.  
None in the bar saw.

I am a black fig  
Ripe, ready to indulge you!  
Let your lover wait.

AHS

"Henry, don't be silly; this is only our first date!"



Carlo

"It's nice to know you're really wanted."



BONUS BOOK SECTION

NIGHT COURT  
Richard Saiser

PEDRO  
John Preston

THE BIKE  
Eric Sharpe





# NIGHT COURT BY RICHARD SAISER

The bar clock showed midnight as I picked up my motorcycle helmet and walked out the door. I straddled my Yamaha and put on the helmet, wondering just what the fuck I had expected to find in a bar on a Tuesday night, anyway.

Shit, it's a full moon, too, I thought, which usually means all sorts of heavy numbers and hot scenes. I should have stayed home and had an early do-it-myself party. Fortunately, it's not too late to do just that.

I started the bike and rolled out onto the street. Just being on my big Yamaha V-twin made me feel better, because rumbling here between my legs was a 920cc lover, who was always ready no matter how many times I struck out in the bar. I think I could spend eternity rushing along on a throbbing, black motorcycle, with the wind caressing and making love to my body. That night, like many other after-bar rides, I just let the powerful machine seek its own course in the general direction of home while I lost myself in one of my jackoff fantasies. I didn't consciously notice I was passing through the warehouse district near the old trainyards. It's an area of little enough activity by day and one truly deserted by night. There were no cars parked on the streets, and the yellow streetlights made only faint glows at the ends of the long blocks.

I certainly didn't notice the car behind me until the red and blue lights on top of it began flashing. In my mellowed-out state, all I muttered was, "Well, goddam," as I pulled over to the curb. I wasn't particularly pissed off at getting pulled over, just curious as to why.

As I put down the kickstand and got off, I was surprised to see my watch showing one o'clock. It hadn't seemed that long since I left the bar, but now, looking around at these dark buildings and black shadows, it was beginning to seem late indeed. Then I zeroed in on the policeman walking towards me.

I growled in horny appraisal. I didn't know cops in patrol cars wore so much leather, or that they could be so young.

I say 'young', though actually he was probably in his late twenties, and anyway, what is age when one is in lust? My eyes took in his heavy leather jacket, his broad shoulders and narrow waist. Shit, he was one sexy hunk of raw, non-biodegradable cop! Though I thought only motorcycle cops wore skintight pants and high black boots. Hey, get a grip, I told myself, cops are strictly for jackoff dreams and definitely not for human consumption. Still I wondered what this one would do if... Cool it, citizen!

The patrolman had turned off the Christmas tree but left the headlights on. Now that he was standing in front of the latter, I couldn't make out much of his features except for the sharp outline of muscular thighs and a few details of his uniform: the bright pips on the epaulets, the badge, and the small metal nametag (which I couldn't read, of course, dammit!). He also wore a white helmet with the faceshield pushed up. The holster on his belt creaked a little as he shifted weight and spoke.

"May I see your driver's license? Take it out of the wallet, please."

I complied with his request and remained silent, figuring to adopt a very humble posture before this dark blue symbol of authority, kind of a natural role for me, anyway. When he took my license back to radio in (for what? priors? warrants? pizza?), I sized him up as being just a tad taller than me. Maybe six feet tall. A lean hundred and fifty.

When he came back and handed me the license, he asked, "Do you have some particular business out here tonight?"

"Uh, no, Sir. Just out riding." He cocked his head at that and I muttered on, "Just on my way home, really."

"Home?" The man's dark eyes glanced at my license again. "Kind of a long way from here, isn't it? Where were you coming from that put you in this part of town," he paused, "at this time of night?"

I did what anyone else would have done, I lied. "Well, Sir, actually I couldn't sleep, so I decided to go for a ride on my bike. You know how it is. I didn't really pay any attention to where I was going." Boy, is that ever true! "I don't normally ride in this part of town, Sir."

Enough 'Sirs' and maybe I could get off with just a warning for whatever reason he'd stopped me. Which reminded me.

"Oh, Sir, why did you stop me? I wasn't doing anything wrong, was I, Sir?" God, that sounded like I should have been down on my knees in one of my fantasies. Let's not get carried away, I thought, this is for real.

From the way he stood there staring at me, I had the uneasy feeling he was seeing me down on my knees, too! It seemed like a good time to get a little nervous. This guy sure was observing me closely. I began to wish I'd worn more underwear. His nightstick wasn't in his belt anymore, but hanging from his left wrist.

"Well," he said at last, "you were driving rather fast for a thirty-five zone. I'd say you were doing a lot more."

What did he mean, "...doing a lot more?" Either he knew for sure, or he didn't. He seemed to be deliberately trying to provoke a reaction, but what kind? And why?

"You clocked me, Sir?"

"Sure." He stared me straight in the face, but I couldn't meet those challenging eyes. Real innocent behavior, right? Then he turned his gaze on my motorcycle for a few moments before remarking, almost speculatively, "You turn corners too fast, also. And I just can't help wondering what you're really doing around here at one in the morning..." He rested the tip of his nightstick in his right hand.

"Really doing? What do you mean, 'really doing'? Hey..." My yes-sir/no-sir plan was momentarily forgotten in my defensive reaction to his nebulous and patently unfair suspicion, but it was finally dawning on me that this scene was beginning to give off some strange vibrations. So I decided to postpone my indignation and see what might happen. Perhaps I could trust my instincts to play out whatever game this leather-heavy lawman was into. So my sentence ended, "I mean, I wasn't doing anything I know of, Sir."

The nightstick suddenly swung up and touched my shoulder. It weighed about fifty pounds. The whole scene was getting scary, but at the same time excitingly weird. Part of me wanted him to just write me a ticket and leave, but another part (right between my legs) wanted to see it through, no matter what.

"You wouldn't object to a search, now would you?"

"What for? I mean, no Sir, of course not." I nodded towards the motorcycle. "Go right ahead."

The cop stepped back a pace and tilted his head slightly. "I will," he said, "but not the bike. Take off your jacket!"

He bounced the tip of his nightstick in his palm as he watched me remove my leather jacket, and all the time I was thinking, this is absurd, playing cops and robbers out here on a dark street at one a.m., but damn, what a turn-on!

I quickly handed him the jacket, then he ordered me to turn around while he checked it out. I waited with my arms folded, listening to zippers and snaps being opened, and then a pause.

"I think you're in trouble." The coldness in his voice matched the cold crawlies invading my stomach.

I turned around and saw my jacket lying on the hood of the



car. The gun was no longer in its holster. In his left hand, the patrolman held a small, brown cigarette stub. I stared at the gun. A gun for chrissake! I couldn't believe this was happening. Finally, I looked at the cigarette butt, praying for it to be just a cigarette butt. I just knew it couldn't be a roach. Where the hell had I last smoked a joint? When?

I couldn't think clearly, but I had a pretty good idea that if I'd had that jacket on whenever it was, I would have been dumb enough to put a roach in one of the pockets. The seriousness of this whole mess really hit me when I looked up at the cop's face and heard him begin, "You have the right to remain silent..."

He recited the words flatly, sounding just like television dialogue. Unreal. But there they were, coming from a real cop. Now it was definitely time to be nervous and scared. I wanted out. The cop finished with my rights and said something else, but it didn't register. He repeated it.

"I said, if you have any more, you may as well hand it over now. If I take you in, they'll strip-search you and find it, anyway."

"But there isn't any. They? What do you mean, Sir?" For the moment, I missed that little 'if' in his last sentence.

"The guys downtown, after they book you into jail."

Ohmygod. "But there really isn't anything to find, Sir." It was all I could do to keep from stammering, so I didn't try. "I di-didn't even know a-about that roach, honest! Surely, you wouldn't a-arrest me just for a roach, would you, Sir? Anything but that."

He looked thoughtful. "Anything?" there was suggestion in the tone of his voice. "Well, if I don't arrest you... perhaps we could settle this ourselves."

I responded instantly to that faint hope. Whatever he wanted, I was ready to cooperate. I held my breath expectantly as the young officer continued.

"Yes, we could settle it... have our own trial, right now. I've got the evidence, there's really no doubt about your guilt. It's really just a matter of deciding the punishment, isn't it? So, it's your choice, a trip downtown, or hold our own little night court

right here."

I licked my lips, thinking furiously. It sounded incredible.

He pressed further. "Just the two of us. Would you prefer that?"

The whole situation had become sexually charged. The cop slapped the side of his boot rhythmically with his nightstick as he awaited my decision. The city seemed dead, with not a sound to interrupt us.

"Would you prefer that?" He repeated softly.

I knew what he wanted: to work me over, and for me to be a 'willing' participant. Scared as I was, with heart pounding, I could see that maybe here I'd found what I'd missed in the bar earlier. If only I could go through with it.

My voice broke, "Oh jeezus."

"What was that? I couldn't hear you."

I said, "Yes Sir."

"Good." He shook his head, then looked at the opening between the buildings a short distance from us. It was a driveway, and a few minutes later I found myself in the middle of a parking area surrounded by dark, looming warehouses. As far as I could tell, the way we'd entered was the only access. A single light over a door fifty feet away cast only a dim glow over the police car parked beside me. My cop-judge-executioner got out of the car and faced me once again.

"First, we're going to complete the search."

I shrugged my shoulders and stepped back from the motorcycle. "Go ahead, Sir."

"Wrong again. You."

"Sir?"

"I told you they would strip-search you downtown. Well, that's what we're going to do now. Take off your clothes and lay them on the pavement."

"Everything? I..."

"Strip completely. You made the choice. We do it here... or you can do it downtown."

I don't know why I hadn't anticipated this aspect of our deal,

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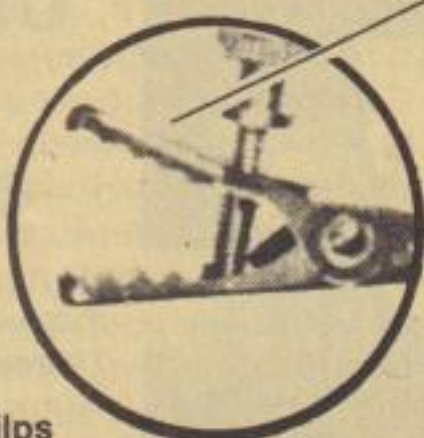
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but I should have. I did as he ordered, then when I stood naked beside my clothes, he motioned me back.

"Okay. On the ground. Face down and spread."

I complied quickly because I was getting a hard-on, which for some reason I felt vaguely embarrassed about displaying. The pavement felt cool and rough against my bare skin. I held my chin lightly to the ground, staring straight down.

He took his time about searching my clothing, if that's what he was doing. I could sense his eyes roaming over my exposed body. Finally, he came over and knelt on one knee beside my thigh. I could feel the cold, hard tip of his nightstick pressing against my asshole.

"You'd be surprised how many guys think they can hide something up their ass." The pressure increased. "It doesn't work, though, 'cause that's the first place we check."

Then, suddenly he forced the thick rod past my anal ring. My whole body flexed in surprise and pain. I pressed my palms hard against the pavement, trying to hold my spread-eagled position. He twisted the nightstick and pulled it back and forth a few times. He shoved it steadily deeper until I was forced to crawl forward by the gut-tearing pressure.

"Please, Sir!"

He let up and slowly withdrew the tortuous probe. I saw him wipe it on my shirt.

"Well, it looks like you're clean, after all." He stood up and pointed to the side of the patrol car. "Get over there."

I scrambled to the rear door he'd indicated, then he took out his handcuffs and locked me to the handle. This forced me to stand bent over. I started to lower myself to my knees, but he prodded me and ordered me to stay on my feet.

I looked at my captor as he said, "You're lucky. Just the one roach, but one or a hundred makes you just as guilty. Anything you want to say in your defense?"

"No, Sir."

"Very well. The penalty for possession will now be administered."

I shifted my weight uneasily as I saw him take the belt out of my Levis and come over to stand beside me. He ran a gloved hand down my back slowly to my buttocks, then suddenly reached between my legs and grabbed my balls.

"Back it up!" He pulled hard until my back was stretched out flat. The steel cuffs bit hard into my wrists. "Now, hold it there." He let go and stepped back.

I knew what was coming and I clenched my teeth, but I was not really prepared for the jolting pain of the first blow square

across my butt. More followed with rapid, measured timing, Wham! Wham! Wham! Unrelenting, moving up my back now, wham! On and on. I don't think I screamed, but I remember my knees buckling and a voice (my voice) croaking, "Please, Sir, please...!"

Then, two powerful leather hands grasped my hips and pulled me up and out again. No more strap. Now, a thick, hard cock pushed slowly but steadily into my asshole. His hands kept their grip and worked my butt back and forth as he probed my guts with increasingly long, driving thrusts, pounding faster and faster until he exploded with a guttural cry and collapsed on top of me. His leather jacket irritated the sensitive welts he'd laid on my back, but I just clenched my jaws harder and held on.

I couldn't support his weight and gradually pressed forward against the side of the car. In a few seconds, he backed off and pulled his cock from my battered asshole. I glimpsed its nine inches glistening in the light before he cleaned it off with my shirt and began to recompose his uniform. His half-erect penis was clearly outlined by the tight, blue trousers. My own cock was throbbingly stiff, aching for release.

I thought the punishment was complete, but he picked up the belt and once more approached me. No more, I silently pleaded, no more! But this time, instead of forcing me into the previous position for more punishment, he grabbed my straining cock with his leather gloved hand and began to firmly massage it back and forth. The belt fell once more across my tortured butt, but not so hard as before. His hand moved steadily, and he used the belt again and again, at first lightly, then harder as he could tell I was nearing orgasm. The handcuffs cut brutally into my wrists, but I didn't care as I braced against the side of the car.

Pain surged with pleasure into my groin as his hand pulled me over the threshold at last. I came in great, gushing spurts all over the door. Waves of unbearable sensation assailed my abdomen. Then I sagged against the vehicle, trying to keep the weight off my bruised wrists.

"Please, Sir." The words came out in gasps. "Please... Sir... I can't..."

The policeman's reply came in a close, gentle voice as he unlocked the handcuffs, "I know."

He steadied me on my feet for a moment, then gently pushed me towards my clothes.

"Court is adjourned. Go home, okay?"

I nodded and picked up my Levis. As I pulled them on, I listened to the sound of his patrol car fade into the distance.

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# PEDRO BY JOHN PRESTON

When I was an adolescent, sex existed in a strangely isolated manner. It never happened with anyone I knew. Not only did I never have sex with my peers in high school, I hardly even contemplated them as possible partners. Sex happened when a stranger offered it. My only part in the foreplay was to learn to make myself available.

I grew up in rural New England. The easiest way to present myself for a potential seduction was to hitchhike. Like many other New England boys, I spent untold hours thumbing aimlessly through Massachusetts waiting for the telltale hand that would finally dare to rest on my thigh.

Eventually I discovered Park Square in Boston and learned that I could help the older men approach me if I would stand listlessly at certain corners. Eventually one of an army of traveling salesmen from Hartford or Albany or some other city would gather the courage to proposition me. I always went with him.

The encounters were never romantic. The men were most often nameless. Cocks were the only focus, except for the occasional man who paid attention to my asshole or wanted to get fucked himself. I received a great deal of physical release from these genital adventures. I suppose I must have gotten some validation for my homosexuality. Certainly the intense orgasms helped prove it was going to be a physically pleasurable part of my life. But little was done to lessen the grinding isolation of my shy teenage years.

By the time I met Pedro I was eighteen or nineteen. I had the slightest veneer of sophistication earned from a year in college. I was home for the summer and waiting for something to happen.

One of the most valuable things I had gotten from school was a fake ID. It opened up the world of gay bars. On my first weekend home I crossed over to Rhode Island and walked the streets of Providence until I found one. It was going to be many years before loud and glittering discos flaunted themselves. Gay bars then were on back alleys with plain unmarked doors or camouflaged in some other manner. The only way to locate one was to wander the downtown of a city and try to find some 'obvious homosexuals.' Then you had to shadow them until they piloted you to one of the secret places. That was what I did that night. A chattering pair of queens forged the path for me.

I had barely begun my first beer when Pedro introduced himself. He was quickly friendly. He had an arm around my shoulders within five minutes and had kissed my lips inside ten.

His aggressiveness would have excited me in any event. It was only enhanced by his appearance. He was not handsome in any of the usual ways. But he was roughly masculine. He was a big man, easily over six foot. He was Portuguese and had the thick black hair and heavy beard that are so lavish on those particular men.

The arm that hung on my shoulder was bulky with both muscled and unmuscled flesh. There was a beginning of a paunch in the belly that pressed against me; but it was firm, not flabby. He told me he was a truck driver.

I don't remember any conversation where it was actually decided that we would have sex. I would like to think it had been mutually assumed. But I must admit it was more likely that Pedro simply told me it was going to happen and that I acquiesced.

That was the first time I ever slept in another man's bed. The only other times I had sex between real sheets had been in hotel rooms. It was also the first time someone kissed me while he fucked me.

These things would have been important by themselves. Something else struck me as even more noteworthy. Pedro's cock was big. But it oozed so much pre-come that the glans

lubricated itself so heavily that he could fuck me without any grease, and it was still painless after the initial entry. When he was buried inside me and my body was reacting with its spontaneous intensity, I was able to come without even touching myself.

I could later realize that one fuck erased any lingering doubts about my sexuality. For whatever reason I had clung to the need for an artificial aid for sex as the proof that it was somehow wrong. Pedro took that away from me and I never got it back.

Pedro assumed many things after that. I never questioned him. We became a couple. Our shared life was never clouded by hiding. Pedro was in his 30s; and though I never asked him much about his history, he must have made a lot of decisions that I, never having an opportunity to challenge his actions, never had to make alone.

I was gay. I had a man who had me. We were in love. Love was natural. We spent time together. We had sex. We never denied it—though we were never actually asked.

We were a couple always. Even my family had to know about it. They must have been aware of my sexuality before, but it had never been discussed. Now, because of Pedro they would never have the luxury of worrying about it. It was simply there.

Pedro would come by whenever he felt like it. There was never a warning phone call. It was only a 40 mile drive to my house from Providence, and he'd often show up after work and announce he was taking me to dinner. My parents couldn't match him when he was arguing away their objections with his smile. He'd sometimes come later in the evening with a bottle of whisky. He and my father would drink at the dining room table. If he thought my mother was becoming worried, he'd bring her flowers.

Everyone knew that whenever Pedro knocked on the door, he would eventually take me with him and not return me till the next morning. We never talked about that. It was simply one of Pedro's assumptions and my parents' passivity in the face of the robust Portuguese's insistence matched against mine.

They also loved him. He forced them to make a leap they had never even contemplated. They had never thought of me in the context of having a male/male relationship, I'm sure. Now they were talking about Pedro to their friends. While they could never articulate the nature of who he was to me, they could somehow express real pleasure in Pedro and tell people how lucky I was to 'have' him.

I could sense these things in my parents. I still wonder what the neighbors and relatives thought about the appearance of this man in my life. He certainly couldn't have made any sense to them. I was a tall skinny Yankee boy, a loner who shunned being one of the regular guys. I had spent all my years hiding behind books and ideas.

Now, standing awfully close beside me, was a truck driver from Providence, who not only was at least ten years older than I, but obviously had never gotten beyond high school. Pedro would drink with them. He spoke the same working class dialect, even perhaps one a little rougher and a little more punctuated with 'fuck.' He knew the names of every player on the Red Sox, the Bruins and the Celtics. No one could match his mechanical ability when it came to cars.

He broke their image of a regular guy in only one way: he would never talk about women. Beyond that he presented only one mystery: at the end of the day he left with a teen-age boy in tow.

Little changed when we were alone, except for the addition of sex. He took it whenever he chose. I never denied him. I wouldn't have known how.



After he'd have a few drinks with my father and we'd be driving back to Rhode Island, his lust would sometimes overtake him. He'd pull over to the side of the road. He'd unzip his fly and bring out his already-erect cock. "Suck it."

He'd talk about his cock while I had it in my mouth. He'd tell me how it felt. He'd instruct me to increase or decrease the speed of my motions or else to move my tongue against the head in some certain way.

Every once in a while he'd grab hold of my hair and with a painful jerk he'd drag me up away from his crotch. "You really like it, don't you?" He'd not let go until I said yes. Then he'd guide my willing mouth back down over the shining shaft.

I don't think I ever slept in Pedro's bed without getting fucked at least once. Often, most often, it happened two, three, even four times in a night. I was never asked. He would simply manipulate my body into whatever position he wanted and his cock would enter me.

Wherever we went Pedro took care of me. He bought the drinks, carried the conversation, focused people's attention to me. He constantly worried if I was comfortable; he always searched for new ways to make himself the source of my pleasure.

It wasn't until we had been seeing one another many weeks that I found out the extent of Pedro's passion. We were at a party in Pawtucket. It was early evening. About 25 men were on the patio of someone's house drinking and talking. One man was particularly interested in me. He found occasions to pat my ass and to touch me in other places. I was unused to attention of this kind by strangers and enjoyed it. I didn't stop to think about Pedro. Then the man kissed me.

What followed happened quickly. People were yelling before I had understood it all. Pedro was standing beside me. His arm lashed out and the stranger collapsed on the floor. His nose was grotesquely broken. Blood gushed from his face.

Pedro stood with his fists and jaw clenched in anger. His chest was quivering with his need to control himself. The only sound

in the group, once the screams had stopped, were the coughing sounds of the man sprawled on the flagstones in front of us.

Pedro finally grabbed my arm and led me from the party. We didn't speak a word as he drove through the run down Rhode Island tenement cities. When we got back to Providence, he aimed for his house. When he parked, we locked the car and walked inside.

Pedro had a favorite chair. It was in a corner in his small living room. He went to it and sat down. He lit a cigarette. Only after he took the first drag did he talk to me. "Take off your clothes."

I stood in the middle of the room and stripped. I was surprised that I wasn't frightened of him. I concentrated instead on the sensation of disrobing in front of him and the excitement of having his eyes study my body as each piece of clothing was removed. By the time I was nude, my cock was stiffly erect.

"Get on your hands and knees."

I did. I felt my scrotum being squeezed between my thighs. My cock's tip bounced against my belly. My eyes continued to study Pedro.

"Crawl over here."

I moved across the floor. The rug was harsh and the shuffling motions burnt my knee caps. I kept on going until my head moved into the triangle between his legs.


He was wearing cotton slacks. I could smell his strong sweat through the thin fabric. I could see the bulge of his crotch pressing hard against the seams of his zipper.

He undid the pants and reached in to pull out his erection. The glans was already glistening with his viscous discharge. He took hold of my hair and roughly speared my mouth. I choked; he only pressed down harder. My bile blended with his seminal fluid as he thrust my head up and down the length of his cock.

He slapped my face with his free hand. It stung. He did it again. A hot pain spread over the right side of my head. Again. More pain. "Fucking whore!" he shouted at me. Another slap. "Fucking whore!"

Then the hand rested on my cheek where it had so recently

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struck me. At first it simply pressed against my injured flesh. Then it began to caress my face. His other hand released the tight grip on my hair and started to pet me with long tender motions. I kept my nose buried in the heavy pubic bush above Pedro's cock and began to be able to control my gagging. I lost all consciousness of anything but the silky shaft that was in my mouth.

It was nearly hypnotic. It was wonderfully erotic. My cock was still hard and was still bobbing against me; I could feel a cool air on my asshole. My scrotum felt obscenely exposed.

It was the sound of Pedro's chest that brought me back to him. I had never heard that exact noise before. I thought at first that he was about to come. Then I realized he was crying. Little bits of sentences came through the quiet sobs. "Baby, I don't want ... hurt you ... sorry, baby ... I don't ..." His hands were both working, one still on my cheek, the other on the top of my head, still caressing and petting me.

His pelvis began almost indefinite thrusts. And soon he came, sending waves of his thick stuff into me. With some of it still dribbling out the side of my mouth, Pedro gently took me away from his cock and brought my head up to meet his. He kissed me and I could taste his cock and his mouth at the same time as his tongue pried open my lips.

I came while our mouths were opened to one another.

We never talked about the incident. For a while life went back to normal. A couple weeks later, though, there was another man, this time someone in a bar, who tried to pick me up. Again Pedro attacked him viciously. Again he took me back to his house and we repeated the ritual. It was precisely the same as the first time. I had never experienced anything quite as electric in my life. Remembering the feel of the rug scraping against my knees and the exhibition I sensed I was giving as my scrotum was pressed between my thighs became two of the most important thoughts I would have while masturbating.

I only waited one week before I made it all happen again. It was entirely my responsibility this time. While Pedro wasn't looking, while we were sitting in someone's backyard, I surprised another of the guests with a sudden and unexpected kiss. He barely had time to respond when Pedro was wrestling him to the ground and banging his head on the hard turf.

I don't even remember making the other decisions consciously. They were hardly even decisions. I simply began to take more control of our sexuality. I didn't change any of it; I didn't want to. But now I would be the one to take off his clothes first. I would be the one who would see Pedro calmly watching television and I would go over and kneel between his legs. I would press my head into his crotch until he brought out his cock and let me suck it.

I no longer waited for Pedro to want to fuck me in bed. Nor would I simply let him take any position he wanted. I would climb onto his belly and sit on his cock. I would ride it, lifting my ass up and setting it down with rapid motions as I watched the sex spread across his stomach up his chest and into his mind.


I was gradually becoming more and more exhilarated with my own passion. I wouldn't wait any longer for him to pull to the side of the road while he drove. I would spread across the car seat and unzip his fly while he steered up the highway. I would bang my head against the steering wheel while the car sped along.

None of this bothered Pedro at all. He seemed to love it. He seemed to match every bit of it. There was a rough edge that smoothed. There was more caressing. There was more kissing. There was also more ownership.

He began to be even more possessive and overtly proud of me. In a bar or at a party he would insist that every man there look at my ass and admire it. If he had a couple drinks, he would even lower my pants and ignore my mock protests to show people just what it was he got in bed at night.

To my parents he became more assertive. He gave up even the slightest niceties. He'd come to the house now and simply honk the horn of his car for me to run out and go away with him.

I hardly went home at all during August. I had moved in with



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him. There was my toothbrush in the bathroom and my responsibilities in the kitchen. The house money was in the cookie jar for me to do the shopping while he worked. He even had bought some clothes for me, underwear he had seen and admired in an ad. He thought it made my ass look more round.

If there was ever a moment when I felt ignored or worried about the approach of boredom, I simply had to find a man who didn't understand and either I would approach him or I would allow him to approach me. I could always produce the explosion in Pedro I sought. I had begun to realize that it was not something he enjoyed, he barely understood it. But it would always happen.

At the end of the month I began to say things that made it clear that I was going to return to college. Pedro was stunned. He became angry. He threatened me. Then he began to plead.

If I was such a goddamn good student, why couldn't I go to Brown? He'd pay my tuition if I went to Rhode Island State. There had to be a way to keep me from returning to that campus so many hundreds of miles away.

I refused to even consider the options. They were unreal to me. My parents, my professors, everything else in my life depended on the image of me at that school. I had to go. When he finally realized that I meant it, that he couldn't change this one thing about me, Pedro threw me out of the house. He gathered up all the clothes and all the mementos and drove me to my parents. He wouldn't talk to me, nor would he kiss me when we got there.

There was still another month before my classes began. Pedro shadowed me for the whole time. My mother and I would look out the kitchen window and see his car parked up the block. He would follow me to the supermarket, while I went to the dentist, if I walked to the post office.

Sometimes at night I would take my father's car and drive back

to that bar in Providence. Whenever I did, Pedro would be standing there in a corner watching me. If any man tried to talk to me he would discover the big Portuguese tapping him on the back and asking for a word in private. I never discovered just what was said during those discussions; the other man would always leave the bar quickly.

For years after that, whenever I would walk into a leather bar, I would only stay for one beer. I would look around at the men in their uniforms and their leather and listen to their conversations. I could never go home with them. They were all trying to look like and act like Portuguese truck drivers. I had already known the real thing; I wouldn't learn how to create something different for years to come.

It's been twenty years since I first crawled across the carpet in Pedro's living room. Every time I've told the story about that summer I've gotten different reactions. Some people comment on his 'exploitation' of me, especially if I make myself sound like a victim. Others think he must have been a fool to have expected more from a teen-ager if I make myself sound like a naive young boy. Almost everyone wants to believe I was somehow an injured party.

But when I'm honest with myself in the quiet moments I know that Pedro was the first man who ever loved me.

I have spent these twenty years living in ambiguity. The world changes, so do my roles and my perceptions of others. Men come and they go; love alters its image far too often.

There was a man, though, who loved me without limitation. Whatever else I think of him, I have to admit to myself that I am the one who left. □

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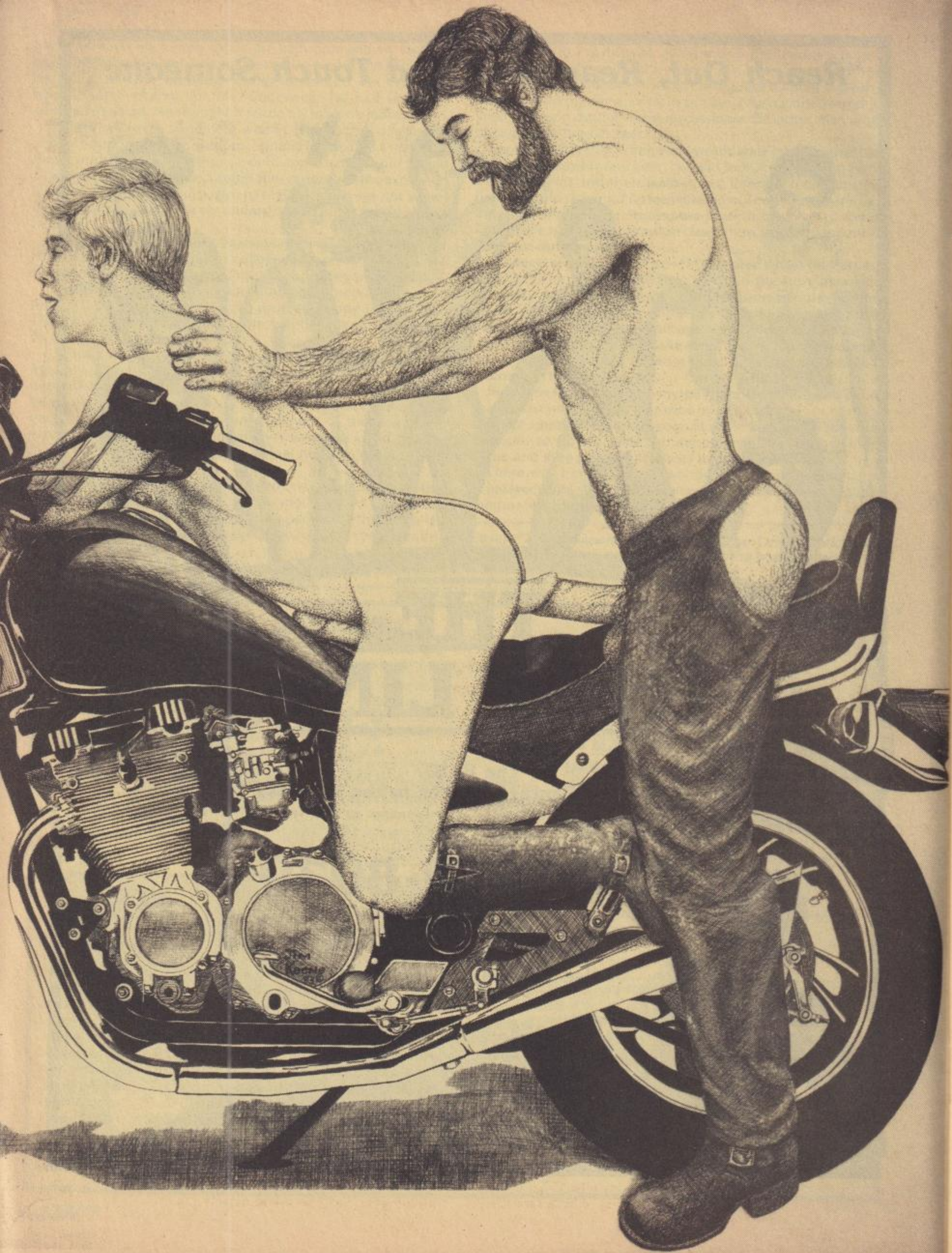
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# THE BIKE BY ERIC SHARPE

Breezing along the back country roads of North Carolina that 4th of July weekend with my new motorcycle growling smoothly between my legs beneath my hard cock, I had forgotten to have it christened before leaving on my vacation. While I kept a watchful eye out for local fauna of the male, hitch-hiking variety, I reflected on the customs of the gay bike clubs in the nation's capital.

According to the customs observed by local riders, I should have approached our chaplain, a member of the largest area bike club, to ask his blessing on my bike and on myself as a rider before starting off. I should have asked him to assist me in giving the bike a proper name appropriate to its nature and our combined character as a bike and rider. I had done just that with my previous bike, a large Honda 750 with touring equipment, but I was far too eager to travel and leave my boring military duties behind me for a week or so. Then, too, it was the first time in many years that I had been stationed close enough to the folks to drop by for a short vacation, so I thought I'd please them with a visit by number one son.

With the fairing on the bike for year-round riding, I could ride bare-chested without the discomfort caused by suddenly stopping a bumble bee at sixty miles an hour or more in relative closing speed, or without the added thrill of catching a lighted cigar butt on the hairy pecs and watching the curlies char. Most of all though, there was the added intimacy if I picked up a farm boy while shirtless. He'd have to hold on to something, and I liked hands around my chest. It tended to reduce preliminaries to the bare essentials.

My most promising prospect, an Army private hitching home from a local base, somehow managed to burn himself on the exhaust pipe, so I was unable to take advantage of his delight in riding a motorcycle with an officer. It was probably that same excitement which made him clumsy enough to slip and lay his ankle against the burning pipe. I thought I could see wet come-stains in his jeans, but it was probably wishful thinking on my part. It was only a short ride until I dropped him off so his mommy could fix him up and I could continue on myself.

I remembered a lot about that first bike of mine. I named it *Sisu*, as befitted its size and my own sense of daring. It meant something like *chutzpah*, but in Finnish. My new bike I would name *Loki*, trickster of the gods. I wouldn't mock it with *Thor* or another of the Scandinavian names that fit my own ancestry because it wasn't a 'muscle' bike, just a competent 500-cc bike outfitted for touring, like its predecessor. But the first time out on it I had garnered third place trophies with *Sisu*, a novice rider proudly wearing my club's colors, much to the delight of my club brothers and much to the chagrin of a more experienced rider who had lost a personal wager to me.

I collected his payment with glee after besting him in the big bike events, bending him over the tail of his own bike and fucking him publicly. Had I lost, our positions would have been reversed, but we might not both have been as satisfied. I tanned his tattooed ass cheeks with my gloved hands and accused him of throwing the events just so I could plow his ass. He wouldn't admit to that, sassing me back and just begging for more spanking, which I was happy to provide. I could tell he liked our positions. He begged me to drive harder into him and jerk him off. I was worried about the stability of the bike, so I had a club brother steady the bike as we entered the home stretch.

A growing crowd stood by as I pounded the biker's ass with all my weight while I synchronized my hand action on his cock with my gloved hand. All three of us at the bike were grunting and groaning loudly as the bet loser came in my gloved hand. The feel of his pulsing meat and the hard sucking of his ass muscles

brought me off as well, and I unloaded into his clenching asshole. Someone started the applause, and some well-prepared leather brother popped a bottle of champagne and sprayed all three of us, plus the bike. It was a great start to my bike-riding career, and I've always remembered that first fuck on a motorcycle. I would've liked to have done it again, maybe with that Army private, but he was gone, and nothing else turned up the rest of the way down the coast. I would just have to wait for the next good opportunity.

It was good to see the folks for the first few days, but then my welcome and my interest cooled in tandem. They were still not privy to my lifestyle, and there remained a barrier between us, raised by the ignorance on their part. It wasn't time to tell them and they would have to be educated some more before they would be ready to accept it. Then, too, my brothers and sister were all busily whelping new grandchildren for them to worry and coo over, so time would be on my side. By the time I thought things ripe, my folks would have a large flock of grandchildren and would care less about my lifestyle. I left before I really had to, before the weekend was over, and I had as my excuse the need to avoid the heavy traffic after the holiday weekend. I'd take the coast highway home instead of the interstate that was far inland, and I'd avoid the boredom of the straight roads. The prospect of the occasional hitch-hiker remained in the back of my mind, and that helped to select my route. I left, therefore, with a relatively good frame of mind and ready for adventure if it happened my way. Which it did.

I topped a rise on US17 doing a shade more than the strictly legal limit, having just started out for my own home and enjoying the morning sun on my bare chest and arms. My mind jumped into top gear and my automatic reflexes came into play as I noticed: blond, crew-cut hair on a stocky, well-built, bare-chested, hairy-chested Marine type wearing just hiking shorts, boots, and backpack. Even at a distance, I could see the cleavage between the pecs and the cuts between the muscles of his legs. Training, made indelible by the heavy gloved hands on my butt wielded by the club's riding instructor, made me hit the back brake, clutch, front brake, shift down two, and check the rear view mirror in quick sequence. I managed thereby to slow down with enough skill to leave only five feet of rubber on the pavement.

I came to a slightly less-than-graceful halt on the grassy margin of the highway about twenty feet past the marine, having a bad time keeping my footing in the wet grass that still held its morning dew. I looked back and spotted him trotting up. I wore little more than he, as I had a bib overall with no undies, my usual combat boots, and cycle gloves. We spotted each other's dog tags at the same time.

"Let me guess," was my opening line. "Camp Lejeune?"

"Yes, Sir," he grinned, "I'm with the MPs there, and I'm due back by 1800." I picked him for a corporal or sergeant at best, young, and with no more than about three years' total service.

"No sweat, it's only two or three hours' ride from here." I thanked my habit of bringing the extra helmet as I handed the garish thing to him to put on. It had been my first one, to go with my first bike, and it reflected my gutsy approach to macho bike riding. It was the closest I could come to a 'Captain America' design with patriotic red, white and blue stars and stripes forever. As I had matured in the leather/Levi scene, I had given it up for a more subdued helmet.

We stowed all of his gear in the two saddle bags that were a major part of the cycle's touring outfit. The marine took some interest in my leathers and related toys.

"Riding gear, Sir?" he asked naively.



"Oh, yeah, that and some other things, just in case." One of the 'other things' was a set of wrist fetters from the U.K., surplus police issue, and their appearance was unlike that of the usual local police issue but their purpose would be clear even to the most casual of observers. I let him stew with his own imagination about what my strange gear could be used for as we started off and rode down the highway.

"I'm on my way back to Quantico, myself," I informed the marine as we rode. "I teach there at one of the intermediate schools." It wasn't too hard to talk with the wind noise reduced by the fairing. I noticed that he shifted around a lot and seemed uneasy. "Hang onto me, if you'd like," I told him. "It's more comfortable than forcing your fingers under the luggage bars and it's easier to ride if we can both lean together."

His hands felt my bare sides lightly, and then he gained confidence and slid his hands forward until they met and clasped over my stomach. I noticed he had them under the overalls instead of outside the clothing.

"You're an officer then, aren't you, Sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'm a captain." He had probably noticed the big blue sticker on the front left fork of the bike that announced my rank to gate guards.

"I'm just a corporal, Sir, with the military police section." I felt his hands grab a little tighter as I pushed the bike into some sharp curves and we heeled over naturally in following the curves. He hunched up closer as we snaked along the rural road.

We had to stop infrequently for the single traffic lights that marked the centers of the small towns in this part of the Tarheel State. After miles of tobacco farms and unpainted farmers' shacks, we'd come to a lone store-gas station combination that often as not also held the local post office. The traffic lights were usually there too. Stopped, we felt the hot sun beat down on our naked bodies and we sweated right through our clothes. I pulled off the road after one light had stopped us long enough to get the sweat running, and I dragged my hanky out of my pocket. I dried off my shoulders and neck with the black cloth and then handed it to my passenger.

"Get my back for me," I told him. He took the handkerchief and wiped the sweat off my back, reaching far down into the overalls to the crack in my ass, maybe surprised to find no shorts. "Do yourself, too."

After we had gotten back on the road, I felt his hands wander around my stomach with a little less caution. He felt the pubic hair, which began with no division between it and the heavy hair on my stomach. I took my left hand off the handlebar grip long enough to rub his thigh in encouragement. In return, his left hand explored carefully below the start of the pubic area, reaching my hardening cock, finally after some hesitation. I debated with myself about the wisdom of stopping nearby since there appeared to be far too many small farms and houses around for the seclusion I liked when I played *alfresco*.

I suggested quickly that we should stop for a quick lunch in the next town if anything was open. The marine accepted; he was probably as hungry as I was by this time but there was some hesitation and I got the impression he might want my cock for lunch.

"I help some of my friends out, Sir," I was informed as the marine felt my cock for the last time as we spotted a fast-food chain that was indeed open. I wondered just how far his 'help' extended. Some marines I knew went as far as tame circle-jerks and that was it. Touching another male body in other than training combat or in wrestling or in football was strictly taboo. Of course, I recalled, I also knew some marines who liked to have the living shit kicked out of them by other marines or by construction workers, and then they enjoyed taking it up the ass as hard and as often as the shit kicker could deliver. 'Manly' activity was okay, but lovey-dovey was out. Maybe some time after lunch, there'd be the right opportunity to find out in just what category this marine placed himself.

During lunch, the corporal pumped me for some of my Viet-Nam experiences, so I told him the usual war stories, trying to get him to feel some of the everyday terror that we had endured

there. I made him feel the constant worry about losing your friends and lovers, or maybe just your family jewels to the blast of a concealed land-mine. I explained how the guys in the choppers would sit on their helmets rather than wear them on their heads when they flew over combat zones. If a shell hit from below, they'd save the parts that really counted. That set him off laughing and made me remember my own marine lover.

My gunnery sergeant, who publicly spoke to and of me in the third person, saved my life at the cost of his own. "The Lieutenant might like this...", "...if the Lieutenant wishes..." the mannerisms came to mind as did that fateful day he threw me bodily into a foxhole and then shielded me from a mortar explosion. Just moments before I had been wrapped in his furry embrace as he pummeled my asshole with his horse-cock. We both climaxed as the first ranging shots had fallen in the compound, so we were too late to find better shelter.

Would this Marine corporal mature into the type of man my lover had been? I watched him finish that last piece of burger and fries. He'd have to grow a lot and gain experience on his way to become a gunnery sergeant like my lover.

We cleaned up our table and set off once more toward Camp Lejeune. I noticed the houses become fewer and the farms longer in between. The explanation came with the sign that named the national forest and wildlife refuge that bordered the Marine base. This part of the state was mostly scrub pine forest and not much use to anyone else; so, of course, this is where the Corps placed their training base.

We noticed the first signs posted on the trees bordering the country road. They announced that the land behind was OFF LIMITS, restricting access and otherwise kept private from the casual public. This might be more my type of playground. There were widely-spaced gravel roads that went straight into the pines from the main highway, with red and yellow USMC signs on the trees. The signs were uniformly uninformatinal, with such mottos as: TRAINING AREA C-12.

"What are these for?" I asked my MP passenger.

"They're dry-fire and other training areas, Sir," he informed me. "They're not much used, and never on holidays."

"How far are we from the main gate?"

"It's quite a ways, Sir. It's a big base. Please, Sir, could we make a pit stop soon? I don't want to burst, Sir."

I pulled up at one of the gravel roads and rode the bike into the pines about a half-mile before stopping. We dismounted, and I pulled the cycle up onto its sturdy main-stand, partly because I didn't trust the gravel with just the side stand to support the weight. We stood side by side and pissed into the pine needles lining the scrub forest floor. Habit made me glance over at his streaming cock, and I found his eyes on my own uncut meat as I slowly skinned it back and let loose. I didn't miss the quick lip-licking he did, probably as an unconscious habit. I reached into the fly of my overalls while I kept pissing and let my balls out for air.

We finally shook the last drops off, and I started to tuck back my thickening cock, but the Marine stopped me by saying, "Please, Sir, I'd like to pay you for the ride, Sir."

I stood there and like a fool said, "Just how, mister?" as though it weren't already quite obvious.

"Any way you order, Sir," my corporal replied, to my delight. He had assumed a position of parade rest with his hands behind his back, and his cock hanging out of the fly of his shorts. It was obviously not soft any more.

"Get down and give me thirty, marine!" I barked at him. The corporal fell forward where he stood and began doing push-ups. I wanted his adrenaline up, I wanted to put him in the proper frame of mind, and I needed a few minutes to get my toys together. He energetically continued, dunking his hard cock into the pine needles at the bottom and breathing loudly at the top.

"I don't hear you counting, mister. How do I know how many you've done? Start again, and count off, scum-bag!"

"SIR, YES SIR!" the corporal shouted down at the pine needles. "ONE, SIR!" down and up. "TWO, SIR!" down and up. I



watched him out of the corner of my eye as I quickly found my fatigue pants and shirt with the insignia on them and put them on. I also found the luggage tie-downs I kept handy to strap extra luggage onto the bike and the straight-razor strop my own daddy had thrashed my bare buns with when I had deserved it. I heard the marine count the last of his thirty pushups and I watched him return to his previous position, now at attention.

"Strip, mister! I want bare skin all over in ten seconds flat! Just like lifesaving drill, dummy! You've used up three of those precious seconds already, shit-head!" I kept yelling at him while standing there in my full fatigue uniform with the double silver tracks. "Seven! Six! Five!" I counted down, but the marine had every stitch off, and neatly piled before the count ran out. I pretended I was formally inspecting troops and I walked around him while he stood in a brace.

Either he cared enough about his body to keep it in shape by himself, or someone special saw to it that he did the proper exercises. I again admired the nicely carved chest muscles, the tight stomach, and the chiseled thighs. But those buns are made by only one service. In his braced stance, the ass muscles had that scooped out look that said there was no fat here. His cock stood at attention too, I noticed, and his medium-sized ball basket was tucked up tight.

"Did I say you could get excited, Mister?" I yelled in his ear. "Assume the position, marine! Spread your legs and grab your ankles! I want to see those pretty cheeks smile for me!" His muscular buns thrust up and parted to reveal a hairless ass crack. There wasn't much hair on his ass anyway, but I fingered the asshole to make sure.

"Why do you shave your ass, scumbag?" I barked at him. "Or is all the hair worn off by the heavy traffic of stiff cocks up your chute?"

He mumbled, "It feels good, Sir."

"I didn't hear you, son. Now speak right up and tell me nice and loud if it's the shaving you like so much or if it's all those stiff cocks?" He wasn't fast enough, so I smacked his outthrust ass with the leather razor strop, getting a yelp from down near the pine needles. He mumbled again, but I couldn't hear what he told those pine needles, so I smacked him harder and left a bright red streak on his white rump.

"I said speak up, shit-head!" I smacked the opposite ass mound for emphasis.

"SIR! COCK, SIR!" the corporal shouted to the pine needles, clearing the birds in the trees for some distance around. I sure hoped this was secluded.

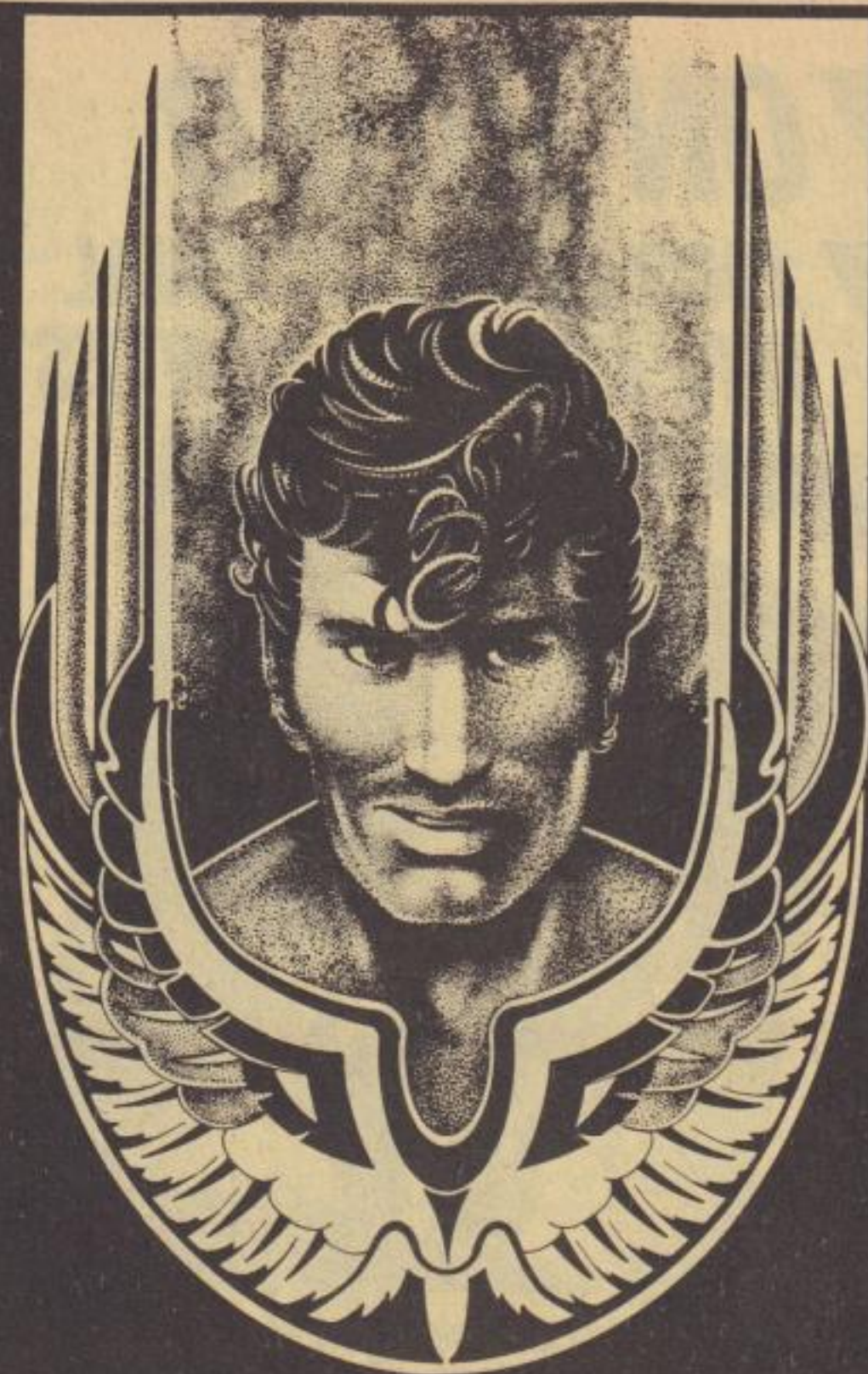
"That's good, scumbag, because you're going to have the opportunity to sample some hot officer's cock if you're good." I smacked him again. "What do you say?"

"SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!" he shouted, clearing away some more pine needles.

I stood him up and said, "At ease, corporal" and watched him come to the position of parade rest with his hands meeting on his ass mounds. I could see him gingerly smooth his fingers over the hot skin I had smacked.

"Bend over the bike, marine," I ordered him as I picked up the tie-down straps and helped position him just where I wanted. He was able to stand on tip-toe with his legs apart while resting his chest and stomach on the rear part of the bike seat. I took his wrists one at a time and bound them firmly to the chrome bars of the engine guard, just aft of the fork, stretching his arms forward and causing him to raise his ass some more to relieve the pressure.

I took a two-inch ball stretcher and attached it tightly around his nuts. I had to work them down for a few seconds out of their uptight position before I got enough ball sack to stretch between the stiff cock and the balls. For more control and interest I took a length of rawhide and tied a sliding knot in it and put this around the now-tight balls below the stretcher. I could yank on the rawhide noose and pull the balls any way I wanted. In case the marine wasn't sure of his exact position, I closed my fist around his shiny-tight nuts and slowly squeezed. He finally groaned from the crushing pain, and I let go.



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"Did I say you could talk, whale-shit?" I yelled at him. I stood up and looked at the tableau of motorcycle and bound marine. "You need some more training, mister!" I grabbed the razor strop and stood behind those inviting white ass cheeks once more. "Count off!"

Smack! "SIR! ONE, SIR!"

Smack! "SIR! TWO, SIR!"

Smack! "SIR! THREE, SIR!"

His voice broke a little on that last one, but I could see his cock still bounced stiffly between his spread legs. It drooled a little, starting a puddle under the bike's rear fender. "What do you say, marine?"

"SIR! THANK YOU, SIR! PLEASE, MAY I HAVE ANOTHER, SIR?"

This boy knew how to make friends, but I was too hot to stop now just to please him with more stropping, no matter how much he might like it. I stood next to him, placed one hand on his head and turned it toward me as I felt the hot ass cheeks with the other and slowly rolled my middle finger closer and closer to his tight brown pucker-ring.

"Look at me, marine," I said softly as his eyes met mine after they had travelled from the crotch of the fatigues upward. I watched as his eyes took in the uniform I wore, one that was so familiar to him, one that usually filled him with awe of rank. "Have you ever played with an officer before?"

"Sir, no, Sir," he replied, a little subdued now.

"Are you ready to take your first one, mister?"

"Sir, yes, Sir!" a little firmer now. I released his head and he again faced front, looking at the bike fork and his bound wrists attached to the chrome bars of the engine guard. I grabbed the small jar of lube from my emergency supplies bag.

I let him think about things while I gently and slowly smoothed lube around his tight brown sphincter. I watched it as it reflected his high emotional state, as it sucked in and pushed out again in anticipation of my planned breaching maneuvers. I finally used two fingers to push lube through the firm muscle ring itself and I heard his sharp intake of breath as my fingers continued to slide deeper inside. I found that magic button and firmly massaged his prostate while he began to quietly moan and squirm around my embedded fingers.

I made doubly sure he remained interested by checking out his stiff cock and smoothing my fingers over his taut balls while I continued swirling my fingers around within his ready opening.

I took my fingers out and used the lube remaining on them to coat my own stiff cock that I had pulled out of my pants with the other hand, after some difficulty. I then took another length of rawhide and made a noose for my own balls after I had pulled them down from their uptight position as I had before for the marine's. I pulled the noose tight and tied the free end to the rawhide tied around the marine's bound nuts, tucking my hard cock between his red asscheeks, feeling the heat I had raised there with my daddy's razor strop. Our tied nuts were now tied tightly together.

"What do you say, marine? Are you ready for your first officer's cock?"

"SIR! YES, SIR!" he squirmed from side to side as though he could position my cock by himself. I let him try for a few moments while I savored the mental image of the fully-clothed officer positioned to fuck the totally naked corporal in the woods. I mentally put myself in his place and thought about how it would feel to him to have his ass skin moving over the cloth of the fatigue pants. I pulled back from his ass, pulling hard on our bound nuts, in order to position my cock so I could penetrate his chute. I saw him try to move back toward me as the pressure increased on our nuts. I could feel that same pressure, but I ignored it as I positioned my cock for entry.

"Come back to me, boy," I encouraged the corporal, knowing that he probably couldn't move much more. He strained until the muscles in his arms corded with the effort, but he couldn't force my cock into his ass all by himself.

I relented in my little game and finally pushed my cock slowly into his hot, tight, and now ready ass. I pleased myself by



feeling the well-defined muscles all over his young body, the sharp little line of the 'traps' muscles under his armpits, the rounded shoulders, and the 'girdle of Hercules' that ridged his sides just above the hipbones. They all played a rippling symphony of motion as we fit together and pulled apart again and again. His ass clenched and released as I drove in and out. In the position we were in, I could raise up slightly and angle my cock just right so it bumped over his tender prostate on its way inside. I watched his head roll now from side to side as I did just that, slowly, then with some speed and force behind my thrusts. Each time I withdrew from that sucking ass channel, I could feel the rawhide tug at our bound nuts, and I knew the Marine could feel those same tugs, just like an extra set of fingers working over our nuts as I pistoned in and out.

"Count off, marine!" I ordered. I watched as the young head straightened up and pointed forward once more instead of rolling from side to side.

"ONE, SIR!" He kept his counting with remarkable presence of mind as my rigid cock rumbled across his magic button again and again. I reached under his washboard stomach to find his dripping cock. I felt its rigid thickness jump in my hand in time to my pile-driving. I jerked him off in time with my fucking and no longer minded that the corporal seemed to have forgotten that he was supposed to be counting the strokes.

I pleased myself by taking off my uniform shirt so I could enjoy the feel of the marine's ass and back on my naked stomach and chest. I undid my uniform belt and unbuttoned the rest of the waist buttons so that the pants could slide down and let me feel the marine all over as our two bodies parted and then smacked together again and again. The slight breeze cooled us a little each time I pulled out and our sweating bodies separated a little, and then we were back together again, wet skin slipping on wet skin in the hot July sun.

I could no longer hold back from filling this young marine's ass, and my strokes began to have much more added force behind them. I long-dicked that corporal's ass, pulling out to the very head of my cock, where I could feel his tight sphincter grip the rib of the mushroom head tightly, where the bound balls pulled away from both of us with a sharp ache, and then I pile-driven into that sucking asshole until the bike shook with the force of our colliding bodies. My chest slid easily over his back with the rivers of sweat we both produced.

The bike shook so hard, I thought that it would topple over and take the bound marine with it and my tethered nuts with him, but it stayed in place, right through my pounding climax as I grunted and swore and tensed and then unloaded finally in a frenzy of fucking, pounding my rod into his firm mounds, gripping his thick pulsing cock in my rock-hard fist. I felt him unload, and his ass ring clenched my cock in rhythmic contractions as his throbbing cock shot a thick stream of his cum all over the rear of my motorcycle.

Some time passed quietly in the pine forest, with the birds again singing, and some dumb frogs peeping, while we remained overcome by our mutual, ecstatic release. I slowly withdrew my cock from the hot container of the marine's ass, I undid the rawhide ball bindings on both of us, and then I released his chafed wrists from the luggage tie-down bindings.

"Damn good ride, marine!" I complimented him as he stood up.

"Thank you, Sir," he answered, still a little shook up. He looked down at himself, at his sore nuts, then at the white cream dripping slowly off the bike's license plate and rear fender. "Clean it up, Sir?" He looked at me eagerly.

"No," I said, getting a sudden thought. "I'll wear that baptism you've given it until it rains."

We made ourselves once more presentable enough to be let through the main gate of the Marine base, wearing what we had been wearing before our stop in the forest, and we resumed our ride. I dropped off the corporal just inside the main gate of the base. He was one sore-assed marine MP, and it would be interesting to watch him as he walked his duty tour that night. Maybe he had some NCO that would take some interest in those pink

ass mounds later, after his duty tour.

"Call me, if you ever visit DC," I told him, as I gave him a calling card. "And remember me."

"Yes, Sir, I sure will, on both counts, Sir," he replied as he saluted me before turning away. I saw the corporal on guard duty at the gate take in this exchange with some interest. It wasn't every day that he saw a shirtless officer on a motorcycle drop off a shirtless marine at the gate. Or maybe it was, I thought to myself. Today's young men might be more liberated, and they might take more advantage of it. That gate guard, for example, might have had more miles of cock run through his firm buns than I had seen in my lifetime.

After that hitch-hiker, it was a very dull ride the rest of the way back to my own duty station.

I finally did see the padre to have my bike blessed according to custom. The appropriate blessings were bestowed on the bike and myself, but the padre changed from the usual baptism rite that I had heard, and substituted a different one. I asked him why, and he explained the deviation from the normal baptism was caused by my telling him briefly of my marine's baptism of the bike 'under fire,' so to speak. If there were the chance that that baptism had been a genuine baptism, then he had to use the conditional rite instead, according to Church rubrics.

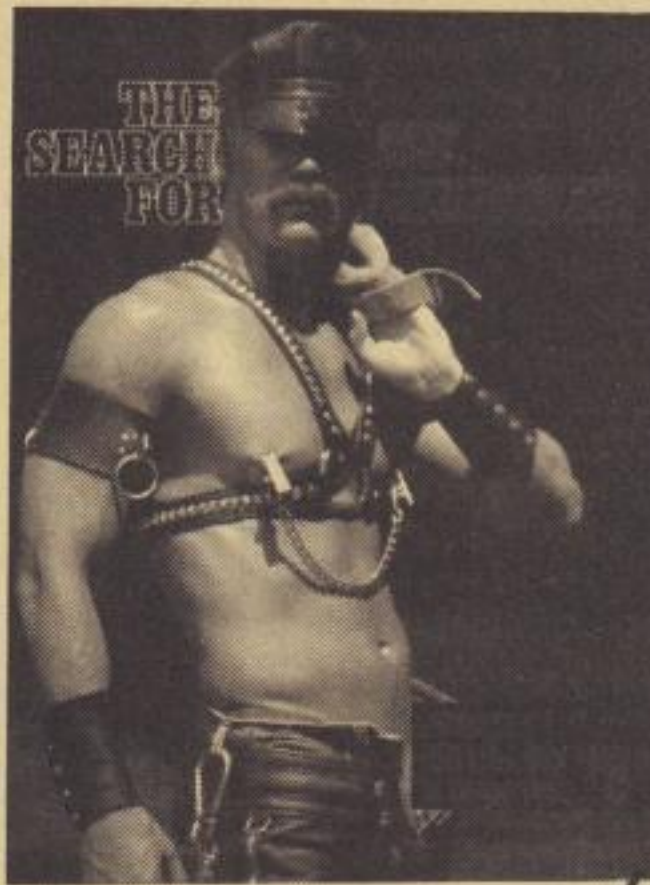
"I doubt, though, that the Church would ever consider adopting that *particular* form of baptism," he told me, smiling broadly at the vision.

I guess I've been covered, then, by the one baptism or the other. I've never had an accident or even a close call while riding my *Loki*, and I thank both that young marine and the padre for their blessings. □

## WERE YOU THERE?

THE SEARCH FOR

MR. DRUMMER



## LEATHER'S HOTTEST WEEKEND!

If you were there on Leather's big night you saw it for yourself. And we hope you were given a program along with a hard-on. So what do you need another program for, you ask? This is the updated, supplemented, added-to program with the winner(s) in all their nude glory, what happened backstage, offstage and in all the stages of getting acquainted that weekend.

Filled with exclusive photos by the army of photographers covering the big event and the parties before and after. The snakes, the cakes, the chains and the watermelon along with the stars of the show. Photos that can't appear in DRUMMER.

It was a night to remember, certainly one we'll never forget. The super extra-pages program will be a collectors' item.

While they last!

\$3

DRUMMER Magazine 15 Harriet Street San Francisco, CA 94103

Send me my program quick! Enclosed is three bucks.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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(I am 21 or over)



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15 Harriet Street / San Francisco, CA 94103

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\$40 a year (outrageous!)
- ☐ Send me MANIFEST and make it snappy!  
\$20 a year (cheap!)
- ☐ Send me MACH. I'm man enough.  
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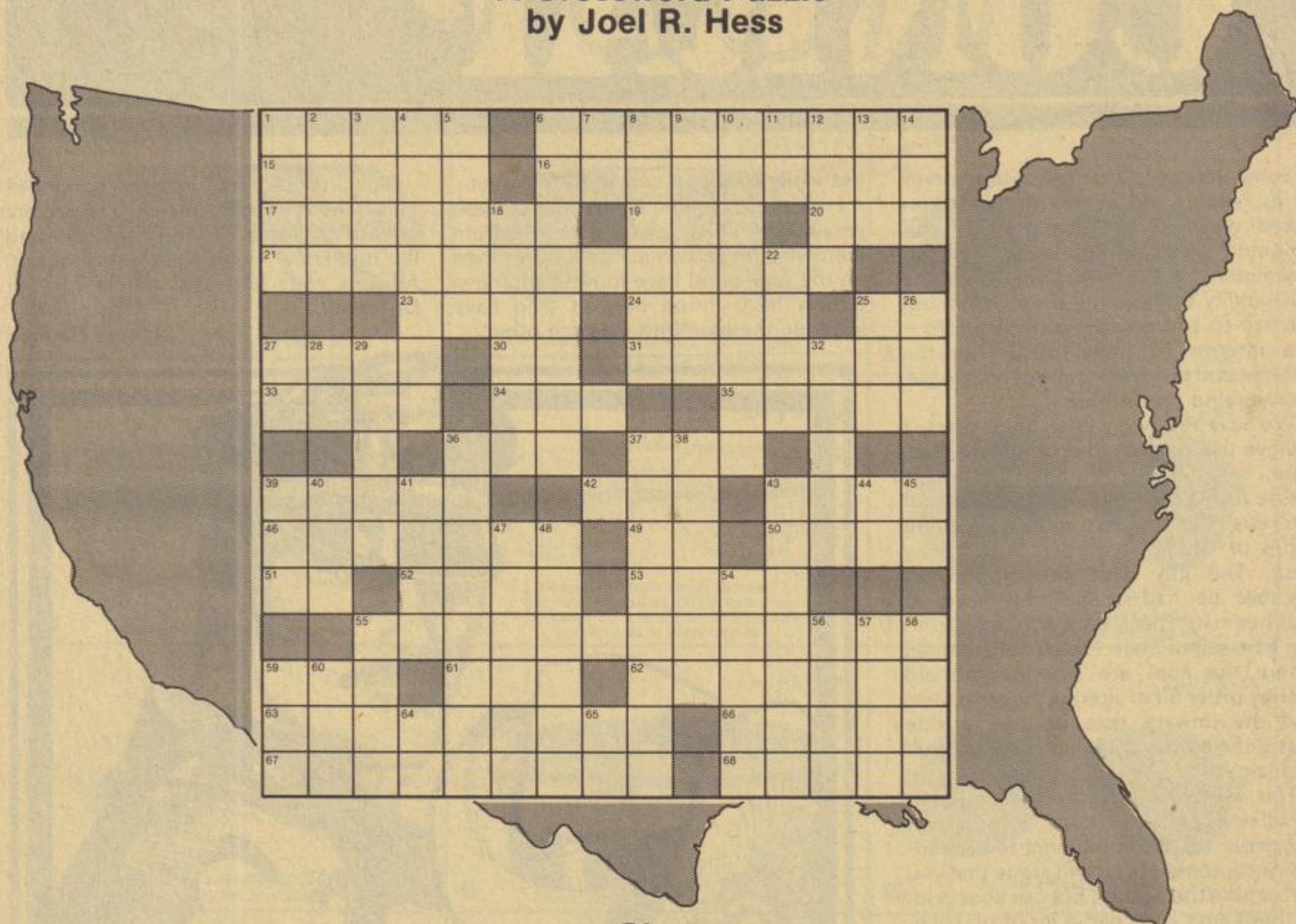
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Signature \_\_\_\_\_



# STATES OF DESIRE

A Crossword Puzzle  
by Joel R. Hess



## Clues

### DOWN

1. Tip (combining form)
2. Zola heroine
3. Small vessel for liquids
4. Where Charles sticks his prick?
5. Looks through briefly
6. Spaniards or Portuguese
7. National League (abbr.)
8. Vulva in Virginia?
9. Glaciated area
10. Gay in the Sooner State?
11. Weight measure (abbr.)
12. Swiss river
13. What we all could use a little of
14. High note
18. Soared upward
22. Precursor of phone and vision
25. Breakfast favorite
26. Often accompanies 25-Down
27. Louisville lubricant?
28. Ancient (combining form)
29. The Dingbat
32. Law partner?
36. Variety of muscle
37. Baltimore drag bar?
38. Constant musical interval
39. Metric measurements (abbr.)

40. Cereal grain
41. Freedom from anxiety
43. Town in Alaska
44. Answer of refusal
45. Achievement of one's goal (abbr.)
47. Tomorrow in Toledo
48. Help out
54. Big (Ital.)
55. Affected stance
56. Type face
57. Head in France
58. Belgian river
59. Wonderment
60. Intermingle
64. Medicinal measurement (abbr.)
65. That is (Lat.)

### ACROSS

1. Popular N.Y. spot
6. Unprofaned
15. *Common Sense* Tom
16. Cast a negative vote
17. All befogged
19. Solidify
20. Communications company
21. Sodomize in San Francisco?
23. His (Fr.)

24. Near (Ger.)
25. Syllable of hesitation
27. Sharp
30. Mommy
31. Justification
33. *Star Wars* star
34. Finish
35. Combine
36. Newspaper bigwigs (abbr.)
37. Cow sound
39. San Antonio tampon?
42. Small pouch
43. Dispatched
46. Gandhi cognomen
49. Right (abbr.)
50. Nudge
51. Holy man (Abbr.)
52. Watery bodies
53. Ivy League campus?
55. Primping in Pittsburgh?
59. I love you in Italy
61. You know, in Italy
62. Supplies with air
63. Immorality in Madison
66. Pulverize by abrading
67. Detested utterly
68. Freud colleague

(solution on page 85)

DRUMMER 41



# CONRAP

Some time ago, *Drummer* took a survey of its readers and among the questions asked was readership interest in this column. The interest was minimal. *Drummer's* editor and I discussed the advisability of dropping the column, but we had to address two considerations—the interest of some readers in the column and the desire to be of help to gay men behind prison walls.

We have reached a crisis point where I believe that we should drop the column. Sure, we still get requests from cons inside to list their names, addresses and interests, but another more disturbing series of letters have been crossing my desk. The guy who gets ripped off because he had opened his heart to another man. The latest scam comes from the Mississippi State Prison at Parchman where the cons are working the old money order bit of altering money orders and the unwary man on the outside passes the money order and finds himself in a jam.

This latest deal with the great number of bilkings by other cons disturbs me. *Drummer* has a commitment to its readers. Sure, some of you will argue that you can handle the hustler, but can you? A lot of these guys have had a lot of practice.

I know one con who invested \$500 for photographs, stationery and postage. He wrote letters that were hot or heart-wrenching or whatever the mark seemed most susceptible to. He had found a veritable mint. Ironically, he wasn't gay and none of his correspondents even guessed. The victims thought they were clever, but they met their match. Sure, many of them woke up in time, but by then he had gotten a good part of their money.

We also have to consider the other side of the coin, the gay man behind prison walls. Should we penalize him because of the few exploiters who lack any sense of integrity, honor or gratitude? The response is not so easy. I know that the man behind the walls leads a dull, mind-stultifying existence and the occasional letter that he receives can brighten his situation. Gays in prisons are too often abused and brutalized by other cons and their keepers. They need the support of the gay community.

So, as you can see, the matter is not very simple. There is the obligation to our readers and a no less important obligation to a segment of our community which we

too easily shrug off and want to forget.

From time to time I have shared with you letters which I have received from men who made contact with other men on the inside and have found happiness. Others have found penpals who have lessened the loneliness of each other.

Now, should this column continue? This is the crux of the matter. You are the ones who have to decide; so write me and let me know how you feel about it. Address your letters to me in care of *Drummer*.

—Frank Hatfield



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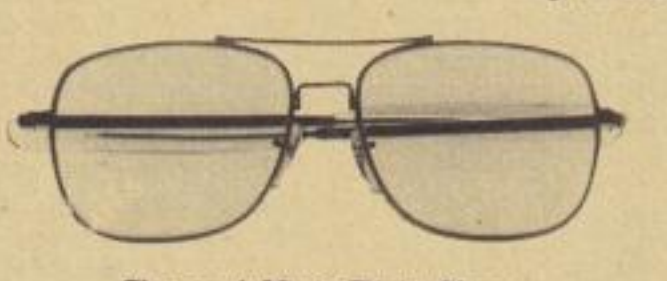




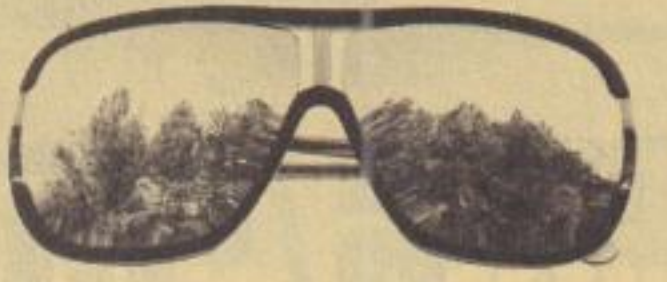

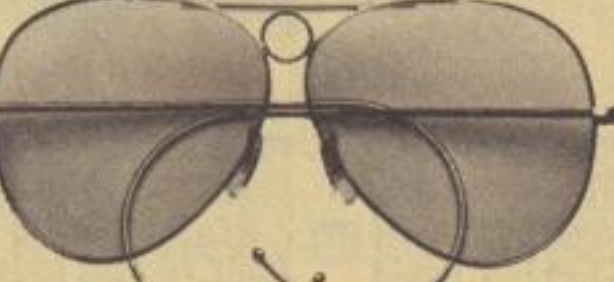
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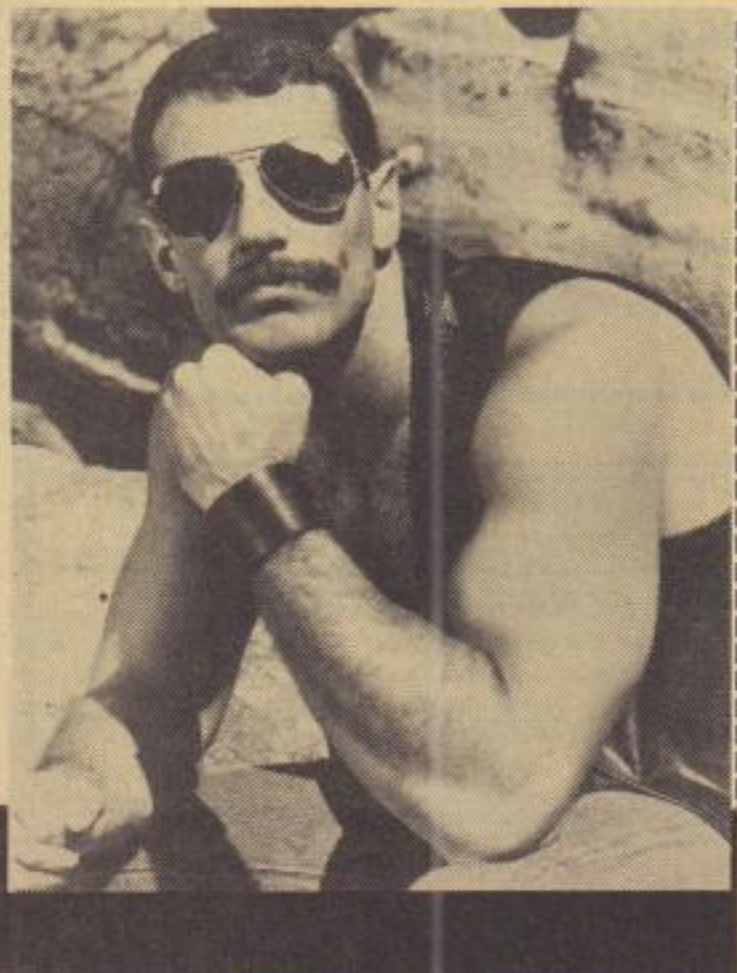


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JIM WIGLER

# OUTTAKES

## of LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT

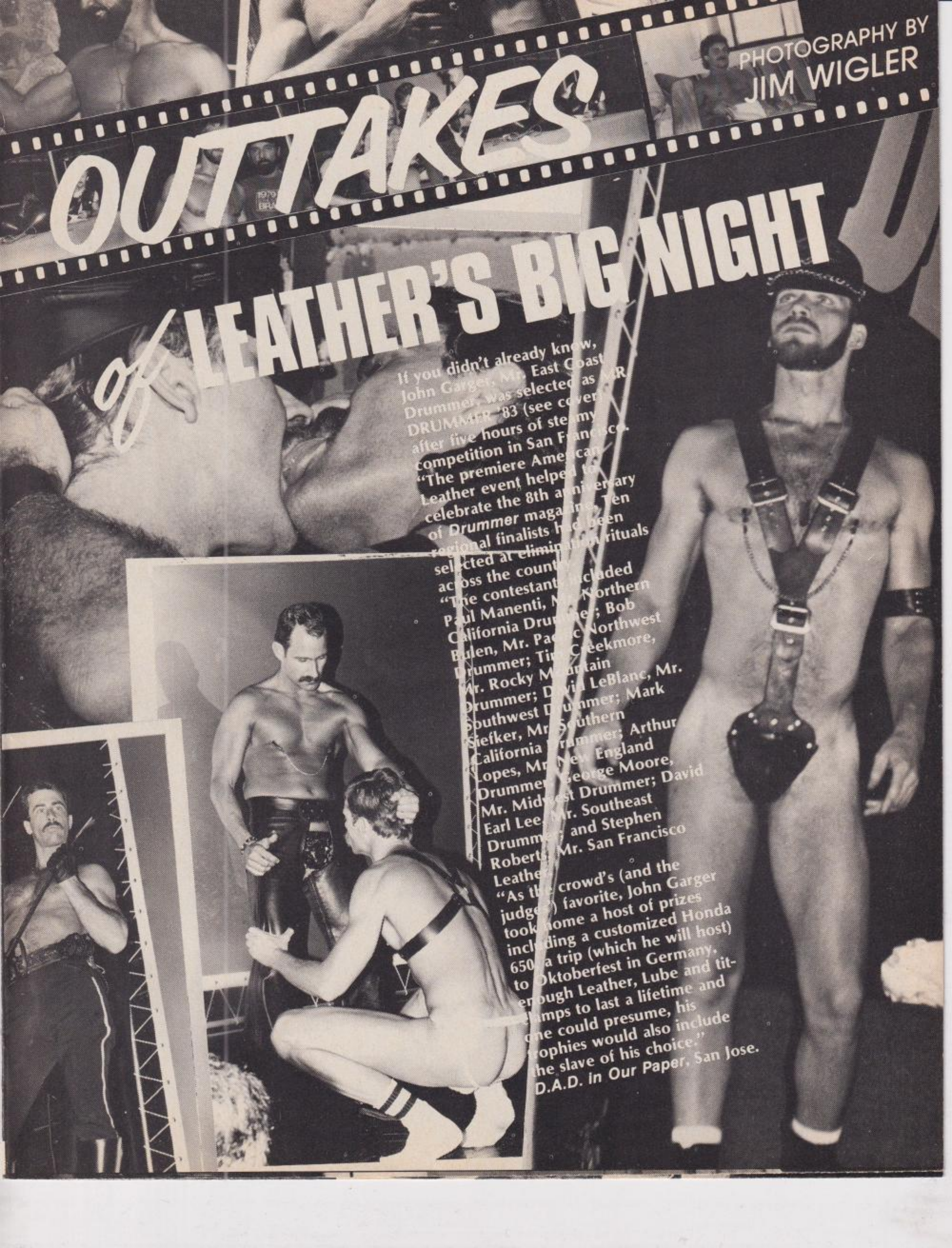
If you didn't already know, John Garger, Mr. East Coast Drummer, was selected as MR. DRUMMER '83 (see cover) after five hours of steamy competition in San Francisco.

"The premiere American Leather event helped to celebrate the 8th anniversary of Drummer magazine. Ten regional finalists had been selected at elimination rituals across the country."

"The contestants included Paul Manenti, Mr. Northern California Drummer; Bob Bulen, Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer; Tim Creekmore, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer; David LeBlanc, Mr. Southwest Drummer; Mark Siefker, Mr. Southern California Drummer; Arthur Lopes, Mr. New England Drummer; George Moore, Mr. Midwest Drummer; David Earl Lee, Mr. Southeast Drummer; and Stephen Roberts, Mr. San Francisco Leather."

"As the crowd's (and the judges') favorite, John Garger took home a host of prizes including a customized Honda 650, a trip (which he will host) to Oktoberfest in Germany, enough Leather, Lube and trophies to last a lifetime and one could presume, his slave of his choice."

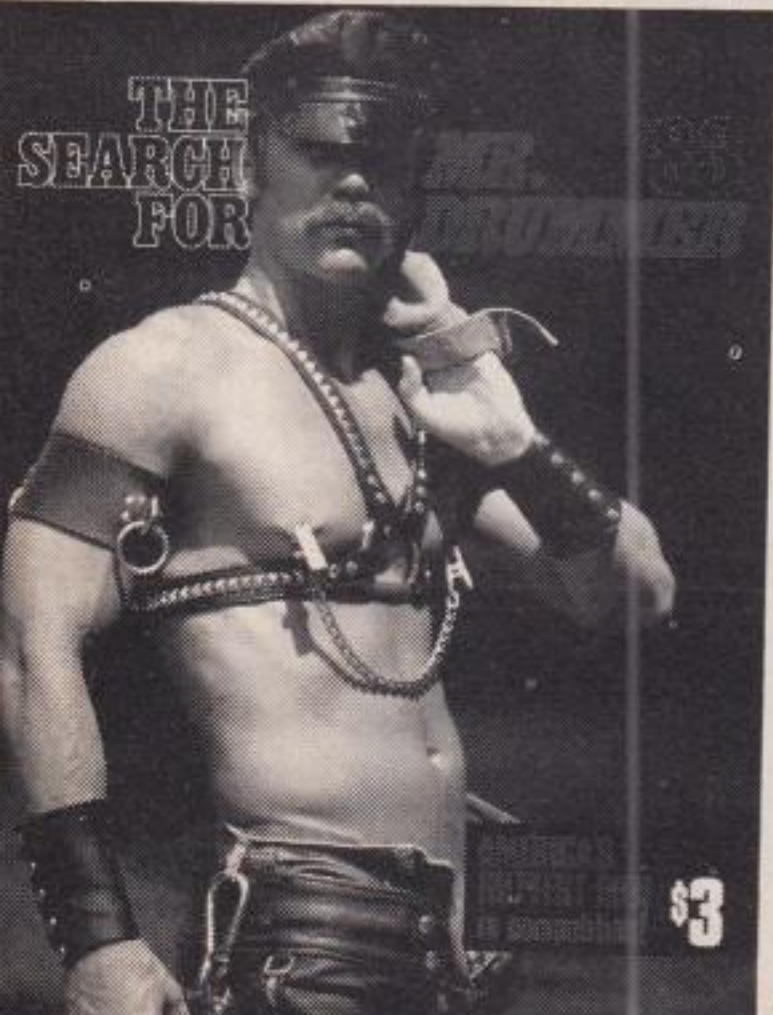
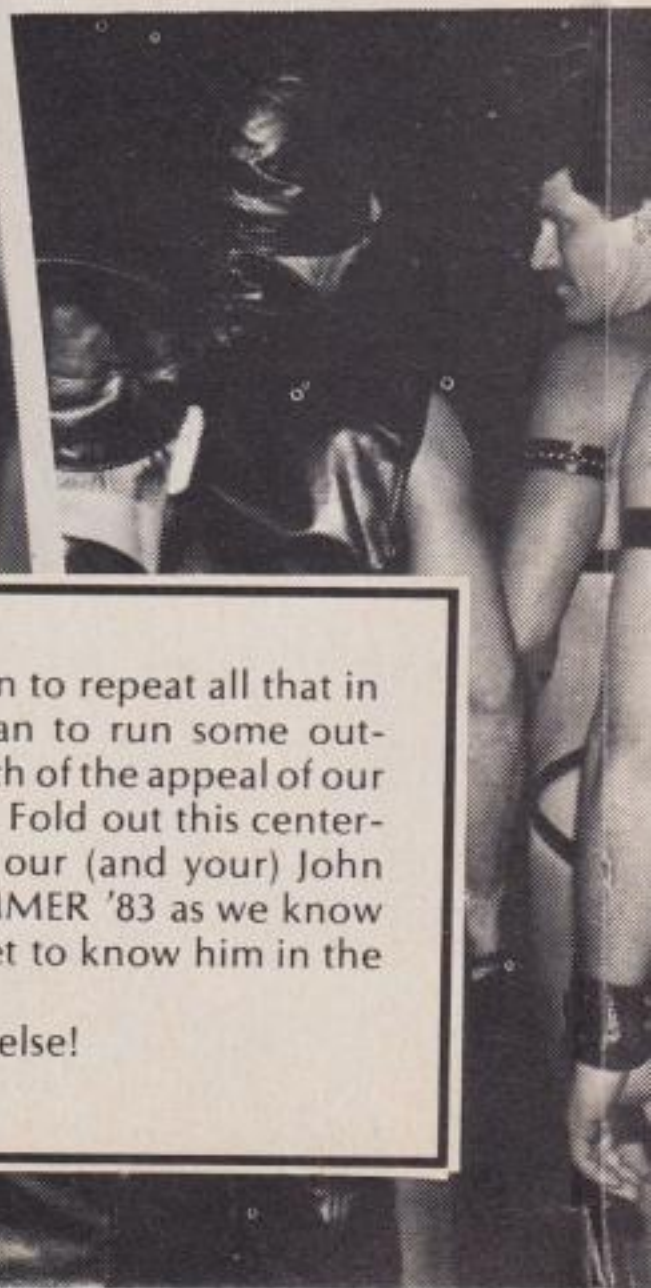
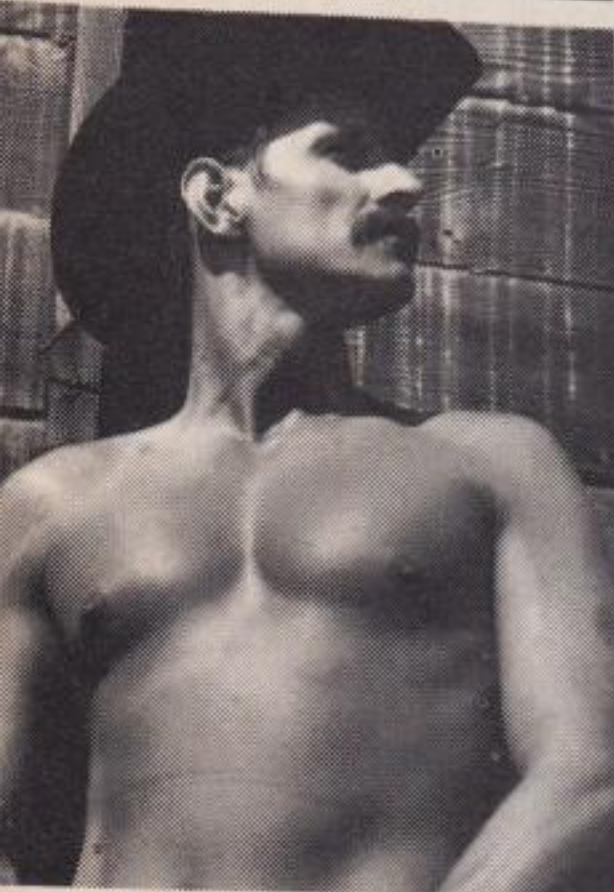
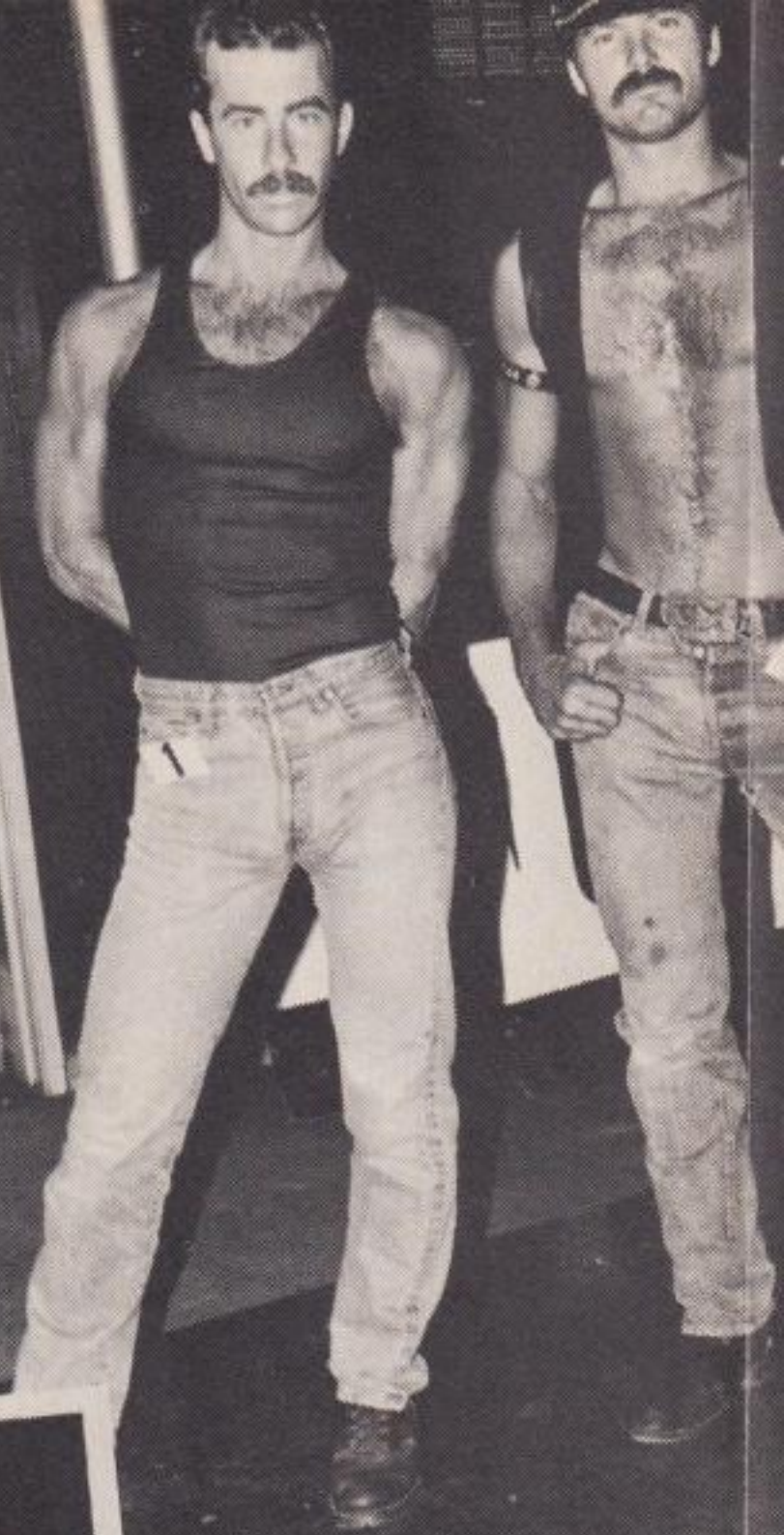
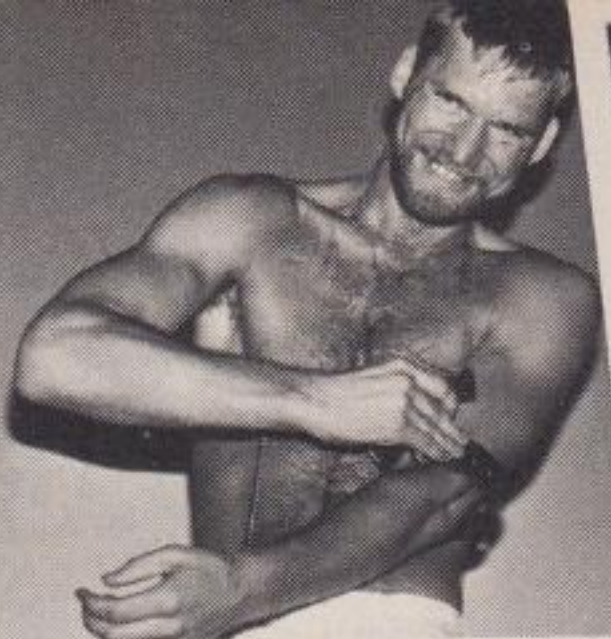
D.A.D. In Our Paper, San Jose.







# D



We have already said about all there is to say in our program (at left) given out to our guests that night, then supplemented with photos after-the-fact and rushed to newstands all over the country. If you waited too long to pick up yours, send us your apologies and three bucks. They'll probably end up as collector's items but right now you can simply jack off to your copy.

There is no reason to repeat all that in *Drummer* other than to run some outtakes that show much of the appeal of our ten Mr. Drummers. Fold out this centerfold and you have our (and your) John Garger, MR. DRUMMER '83 as we know him and you will get to know him in the year to come.

He is something else!

\$3

LA DO ON G



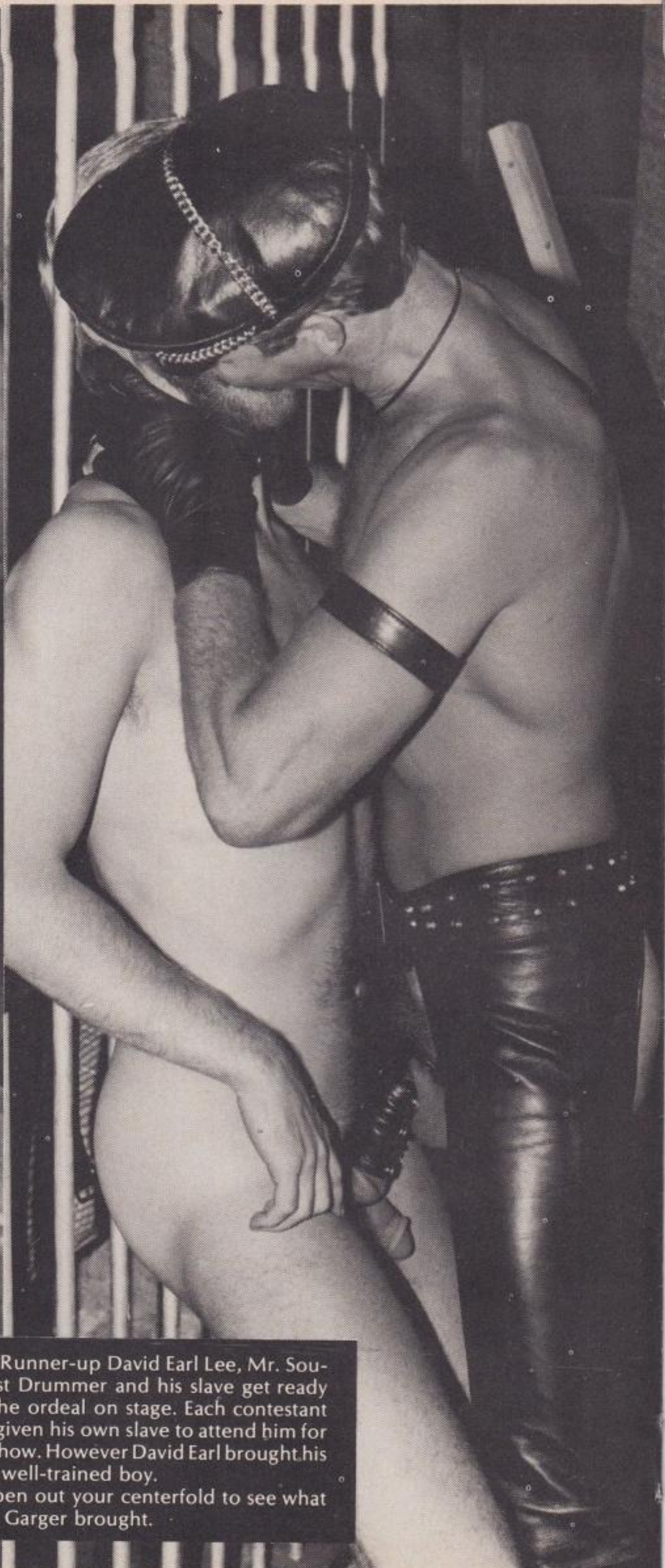






First Runner-up David Earl Lee, Mr. Southeast Drummer and his slave get ready for the ordeal on stage. Each contestant was given his own slave to attend him for the show. However David Earl brought his own well-trained boy.

Open out your centerfold to see what John Garger brought.





# DRUMBEATS

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 35¢ A WORD!

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## NATIONWIDE

### MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uni-  
form men willing to model. (415) 864-  
3456.

### STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the  
Sarge all about it. Send description,  
photo (not necessary) and circumci-  
sion fantasy. All get replies; the chosen  
get clipped. Box 3433.

### UTAH COWBOY

Has boots, shoes, sneakers, socks,  
photos of booted dudes, misc. for sale.  
Sell/ trade your own; Free listing. Send  
60¢ in stamps for info to P.O. Box 2153,  
Salt Lake City, UT 84110 (1795 main).

### NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

39 year old M, successful professional  
man, just breaking into the scene,  
seeks contact with individuals, groups,  
clubs, organizations in the mainstream  
of the national and/ or international  
S/M community for an introduction  
into the life style. Box 3675.

### HORSEMEN

Leather/ uniform man, boots &  
breeches turned on by riding & being  
around horses, want to meet/ hear  
from same especially R.G.R. See male-  
call issue 63 to swap experiences, pix,  
j/o fantasies. Am wh, 44, 5'10" 160  
workout body. Box 3721.

### LONDON 43 W/M SLAVE

Seeks meetings with UK visitors (21-50)  
into military scenes, B-D, S-M, W.S.,  
shaving, piercing particularly with  
muscle S's. This M will grovel, obey  
and expect humiliation & verbal abuse.  
Your dirty jocks worn with pride.  
Humiliating & abusive correspondence  
also begged. Occasional visitor to U.S.  
Have motorcycle & leather gear. Sir,  
your orders awaited. Box 3696.

### CROTCH BOOTS

Wesco's tallest for the real bootman.  
The boots worn by men with the highest  
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### PHONE SEX

Connecting gay men together  
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### HOUSEBOY/ VALET 18-25

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telephone numbers included in their  
advertising provided that advertisers  
can provide a business card, letterhead  
or other printed material on which the  
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There will be no exceptions.

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Seeks experienced sadist in 501 levis  
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work and suspension with experienced  
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ming, drugs, WS, piercing, catheters,  
prods, damage. Occasionally switch.  
Also, Fr, Gr, movies, books, video-  
games, etc. Box 3743.

### SERIOUS SLAVE

Seeks serious master. I'm strong  
enough and man enough to give up con-  
trol of my mind and body to the man  
who will be my master. Am 36, 5'10",  
150 lbs., black hair (thinning), trim  
beard, brown eyes, good body, sexu-  
ally intense but inexperienced. Know  
what I need and know I can handle it.  
Master is 25-45, intelligent, goodlook-  
ing and hot enough to mind-fuck me to  
my knees and use me. Photo appre-  
ciated. Bob Mitchell, P.O. Box 9395,  
Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Can travel.

## ALABAMA

### SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile, AL. We want to show you  
some Southern Hospitality that General  
Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both  
36; one blonde/ blue, beard and a hefty  
8" uncut solid log sticking out from his  
6'2" frame; The other 6'1" 170 LB fur ball  
with brown/ brown, equipped with a  
loaded uncut cock. We are looking for  
Southern Men and visitors to the south  
who are into being men and playing  
hard. We've had enough of the southern  
bells at the local bars. If you're fat or  
fem or don't qualify as a real man, don't  
waste our time. If you think you're man  
enough for our brand of hospitality, get  
your shit together and write us a letter  
with a hot photo (returnable) of your-  
self. Box 3754.

## ALASKA

### HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping,  
backpacking. Would like to meet hot  
top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172  
lbs, 42, br/ br, moustache, masculine,  
good build, hot buns. Would like to  
meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built,

not fat, well-hung, who know how to  
take charge of the action. Write letter  
with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai,  
Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

## ARIZONA

### PHOENIX—MASTER AND SLAVE

Invite you to visit for friendship and/ or  
fun & games. Box 3726.

### BOY 22, 5'11", 160

Smooth defined ass a real smart aleck  
needs over knee spanking, your photo  
my turms, ROBERTS 1515 E. Sunny  
Slope Phoenix AZ 85020.

### TWO LEATHERMEN

Looking for 3-ways. We have well  
equipped backroom. Write P.O. Box  
9484 Phoenix Ariz 85068.

## ARKANSAS

### LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

Get on your knees and write to this  
dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 8½"  
uncut if you are white, masculine and  
not overweight. My interests are shav-  
ing your crotch smooth, pouring piss  
down your slave throat, bondage, get-  
ting the discipline from you I demand,  
S&M, FF and letting you know who's  
boss. Am experienced, respectful of  
limits, imaginative. You should include  
your phone number and times you are  
available. Box 3088

## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

### PRIME CONTACT

Veteran of two wars: NAM (SOG) and  
South of Market (Leather Bar hustler).  
X-BB, hot WM, 39, 6'1", 190 lbs, uncut,  
experienced. Gets excited over S&M,  
straining muscles and sweat. Requires  
physical grace, mental agility and emo-  
tional stability. If you're looking for a  
mutually satisfying-enduring relation-  
ship, this is the rare opportunity for the  
right hunk. Box 3130.

### SWEAT AND HARLEYS

Two men, both 35 yrs old, seek body-  
builders and Harley freaks for fun and  
friendship. Top is 6'5", pierced, and a  
buttfucker. Bottom is 5'8", tattooed,

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in a envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25¢ for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

## DRUMMER

15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103

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My ad is \_\_\_\_\_ words @ ☐ 35¢ DRUMMER ☐ 50¢ both DRUMMER  
& MANIFEST. I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_ Now, get busy!



and a cocksucker. Send Photo, Phone, and honest letter to box 3598.

**GOODLOOKING LEATHERMAN**  
Castro Valley, S. 36, 6', 160 lbs., good looking Leatherman seeks M. for Leather Action, obedience, outdoor-bike scenes, bondage. (415) 582-1162 or reply Box 1582.

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

**DOMINANT BODYBUILDER**  
32, 5'8", 160 lbs, 29" waist, 40" chest, sadistic but sane, into intense testicle pressure, bondage, titwork and unusual equipment. If you are a bodybuilder with a high pain threshold and a sense of adventure, call Don, (415) 864-5566 or (707) 869-0243 from 10am to 8pm only.

**SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER**  
SM. C&BT. To tie and chew on. Don't forget T/T. Versatile. Your photo gets mine. All answered. Box 3442.

**EXTRA HUNG**  
Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've been told, "it's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gdlky, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

**SOME PEOPLE SAY**  
That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM, 40, 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441.

**UNIFORMS**  
Dutch/German-American, 32, 6'2", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST, Apt. #2, 437 29th St., S.F., CA 94131.

**2 6H STUDS 4 HOT 3RDS**  
2 9's N2 most scenes. No hvy S&M/scat. Moustache, LL, VA, B&D, TOYS R A+. S Bay area. We R hot—U better B 2! Box 3484.

**W/M 40 WITH BEARD**  
Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B. T/T, FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106.

**FACESITTERS/MASTERS**  
German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs, wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night,

SIR. Also available for Private-Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master, SIR. Please send me the date, I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461.

**HOT BOTTOM**  
6'5", 185 lbs., 51, hairy, moustache. Enjoy T/T, FF/ CBT, bondage, piercing, whips. But your trip, your way. Willing to experiment. No booze, heavy drugs. Box 3757.

**SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER**  
San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.

**LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE**  
Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit, cock & ball torture, piercing. But your trip, your way. Travel. Am 41, 5'11", 150#. Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 5906, S.F., CA 94101.

**ROPES**  
Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 35, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 795 Buena Vista West #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

**FLEXING AND SHOWING**  
Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually torments you until you come, again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Colt types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401, Oakland, CA 94605.

**BAY AREA: BOTTOM/ SLAVE**  
6', 165 lbs, WM. Looking for dominant, masculine Top/ Master. Into B/D, W/S, want to experience more. Request instructions with photo/ description. Box 3577.

**PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT**  
Gay male writer looking for assistance by altruistic type. Worrying about money and writing do not mix; between you and I, the romantic notion of the struggling writer is a nice illusion but is not fun to live. If you can help, and think that you might want too, please let me know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discret. Ron, P.O. Box 22036, San Francisco, CA. 94122.

**HOT COCK +**  
I'm 32, 150#, 5'10", hirsute, muscular w/br. hair, moust. & beard, tit-ring & tatoo; usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max. pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102.

**SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/SLAVE—DOG**  
Wants 3rd and/ or 4th. I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37). I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands, leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand

on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy. Other Masters invited—other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/photo will merit this experience. Box 3615.

**LEATHER/ UNIFORM J.O.**  
Hot guy looking for leather/ uniform J.O. buddy. Must be into gloves and boots. Relationship desired with right guy. Call Jim (415) 673-1284.

**SOUTH BAY AREA**  
White male, 27, 6', 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D, V/A, boots, gloves, police uniforms, hoods, and light to moderate S/M. Serious training needed. If possible, send photo. Box 3711.

**I'M LOOKING**  
For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains. 5'9", 175, 45. Phone (415) 944-9984.

**BOTTOM**  
GWM, 27, 6', 165 LBS, short brown hair, slim build: respectfully requests to be used by dominant Top(s). Into: B/D, W/S, VA, T/T, C/B, Hoods, getting fucked at both ends. Please send instructions/ description. (Vallejo/ Bay Area). Box 3577.

**WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE**  
By 45 year old Master. Absolutely no limits honored. Must include photo & phone. Novices considered. Must relocate to Marin Co., CA. Box 2042.

**THREE RING CIRCUS**  
2 lovers seek playmate. We want a laid-back, head-together, nice-n-easy, goodtime buddy who likes to ball all night and get crisco on his hands. Send photo and phone to Box 3732.

**TOUGH LITTLE BLOND**  
Biker Stud is interviewing other blond, hairless, sweaty bottoms. If you measure-up I'll toss you to my big gorilla buddy (he's big and mean). Send photo and descriptive letter to Box 1536.

**WHITE SLAVE SEEKS BLACK MASTER**  
Or reverse: scat, water sports, spanking, total oral, verbal abuse. Funky letter gets reply & appointment. Box 3735.

**SEX SLAVE AVAILABLE**  
To super hung masters cops military into huge insertion toys enemas whips gags non stop fucking. (415) 861-0349 x261.

**MAN-TO-MAN**  
You've got what I want! I've got what you need! "Even Daddies need Daddies." That's where I fit. Do you? My name is Chuck, I'm 32 years old, 5'7", 135 lbs. with brown eyes, hair and moustache. Am considered very handsome, with a hot body to match. You, 30-40 years old, big, strong and hot! With a mature mind, able to relate to a caring man. Relationship? Yes! If you've got the headspace to handle a combination, little boy/ daddy all wrapped up in one package, and are ready to handle the full meaning of a man-to-man relationship, then please send a recent photo and letter today! Only, hot; sincere responses will be answered. Box 3263. See Drummer #57 page #78 for my recent photo. (415) 334-4124.

**33, WHITE MALE, 180**  
Seeks life as dog with leathered master owner. Into heavy B&D, punishment. Sk to be collard, caged, mind controlled, kenneled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as human. Perm only. Must be able to handle

animal safely & sanely. No games. "Kai" c/o 540 — O'Farrell 306, S.F., CA 94102. (415) 775-9120. Relocateable.

**AFFECTIONATE SLAVE**  
WM wants strong caring master 35-45. Am yng 40, 5'7", 130 LBS, trim. Enjoy TT, leather, VA, humil and body worship. Not into hvy drugs, FFA or raunch. Reply Box 3734.

**BIG HOT TITS SF**  
W/M, 36, 150, 6ft, 7 1/2 cut, w/huge over-size nipples, into sucking off hard greasy cocks, working over hot tits and balls w/clamps, weights, videos, tapes, mirrors, letters, photos exchanged. Box 3700.

**J/O—TRUE STUD ART**  
Hot handsome hung young dude, 29, 6', 165, short dark blonde hair, moustache, thick 8" handrod and heavy slung sack. Into other studs who enjoy themselves. Photo a must: 2269 Market, #333, San Francisco, CA 94114. Don't disappoint me— it will be your loss!

**PHONE SEX CONNECTING GAY MEN TOGETHER AROUND THE WORLD. A REALLY UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.** (415) 346-8747.

**LIKES PISS IN SAN FRANCISCO**  
29, 6'2" 170 LBS Bottom with smooth swimmers build, into W/S armpits, jocks. I want piss from hot masculine tops 21-35 with moustache or beard. I provide beer; you return it warm and tasty! Paul 415-863-9397.

**SAN FRANCISCO BONDAGE CLUB**  
Safe and sane group scenes. SFBC, 1800 Market St. #107 San Francisco CA 94102.

**BLACK WEIGHTLIFTER**  
29, 155 lb, muscular, medium build, primarily TOP, but versatile. Looking for well muscled white male 25-35. Most scenes considered except scat and W/S. Reply with photo or detailed description. Mike 80 Terra Vista #11, San Francisco, Ca 94115.

**HUNKY BODYBUILDER**  
Into tits, pecs, and nipples. W/M, 33, with big muscular torso— 44" chest, 16" arms, large thighs and huge calves— seeks macho men with and into same for mutual workout, J/O, hot sweat and pleasurable times. Also into LL, athletic gear, jock straps and wrestling. Travels often— in Calif. Aug. & Sept. '83. P.O. Box 8362, Chicago, IL 60680. (312) 785-2352.

**BONDAGE AS A WAY OF LIFE**  
Dedicated Bondage Slave requires bondage master who is serious about the ownership and control of all functions of slave with any and all forms of devices and apparatus. Slave is serious and willing to contribute full effort and resources to a successful lifestyle—have extensive collection of toys and devices. Slave 5'10" 145# 41 yrs. Box Holder, Box 14154, San Francisco, CA 94114.

**WALNUT CREEK**  
Experienced master w/m, 27, 180 lbs, and 6'1" looking for slaves into bondage, boots, leather and whipping. Get on your knees and send letter & photo— no photo no reply. Box 3739.

**MASTER SEEKS**  
Slave for military training POW S&M, B&D FF WS pic & ph. no. Boxholder 51786 San Jose CA 95151.

**BOXING CHAMP?**  
Looking for experienced boxer who would enjoy working out on my nut sacks until his arm gets tired. Big balls hang heavy and full. Box 3747.

**SLAVE WANTED**  
Hot Goodlooking European Master 6'1, 38 YRS And His beautiful slave seek



goodlooking W. slave under 33 with nice body. Must be serious, funloving and into FF, TT, BD, WS, and beltings. Limits respected and expanded. Send application and photo (a must) to Box 3748.

#### RUBBER LOVER

Wants same for permanent relationship. Box 3751.

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uniform men willing to model. (415) 864-3456.

#### BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog— 30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.— seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

#### HOT TOUGH HANDSOME M

6'1", 27 years, 175 lbs, 8", athletic. Needs to be trained and dominated, taught how to serve by hard experienced master. Leather, cowboy, levi, etc. Genuine only. Photo. Box 3040.

#### SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3"— 40— 190 into all scenes— complete game room— B/D S/M W/S FFA. Leather Hoods— wax tits— etc. 619-420-8967.

#### BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6 1/2"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

#### HORNY-WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking. Dildo-S&M. W/S, Poppers-prolonged ass hole play-versatile (top-bottom) AM, 46, 180 lbs-6' tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520.

#### HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M, 30, 5'8", 130, goodlooking & trim, pierced tits, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard, works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, fisting, piss, J/O, spit, armpits, Crisco, hot wax, tit-play, amyl, fun drugs, toys, greasy jockstraps, wet briefs, tight faded levi 501's, ass-play, torn underwear, levi/leather, sweat, fantasies. Prefer bottom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible: BOX 121, 13624 SHERMAN WAY, VAN NUYS, CA 91405. Yeah! Hot fun!

#### YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs, Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body— Seeks: slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

#### PHONE SEX

Connecting gay men together around the world. A really unique experience. (415)346-8747.

#### ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat,

Humil., and ??????. Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place, HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS, come in 2nd, with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up, lets do it, ads are for it. Box 3647.

#### HOT VERSATILE FFA

Goodlooking hand baller W/M, 26, 5'9", 160# with hot receptive ass and talented fists seeks men with same for high times and hot sessions. Box 3680.

#### HOUSEBOY/ SLAVE WANTED

By 2GWM, 52, 5'7", 140, 7" uncut; 44, 5'4", 135, 6" cut; Both Trim, Muscular, masculine. You must be Trim, cleancut, obedient and want urinal training, discipline, muscle control training. Full time, permanent, own room. Photo & letter to: Hose, Box 7305, Long Beach, CA 90807.

#### LOS ANGELES, 35, 5'9", 155

Blond hair, blue eyes, beard. Into ass action, F.F., W.S., leather, S & M, shaving, toys, as top only. Slaves must be obedient, masculine, good body, great ass. Also want to hear from other Masters all over for ideas 3 ways. Photo demanded with letter and phone number. Box 3669.

#### YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

#### HOT MASTER

#### TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9", 145 pound, blond/ blue eyed, dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediteranean/ latins a plus. Box 3658.

#### SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Open to all his desires. Age, race unimportant. May relocate for proper Sir. Photo Appreciated. All answered. Box 3656.

#### S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM. Box 1632.

#### MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B—D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors; slave offers himself completly. Box 3613.

#### EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigree hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline; then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few; chiefly, house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition; so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581.

#### SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (213)846-9486.

#### WANTED

#### LEATHER BIKE MASTER

Into motorcycles, shaving, branding, B—D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, tits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5:8 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older, White. Photo requested, slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631.

#### PROFESSIONAL BEHAVIORAL TRAINER

With extensive experience as a topman offers S/M counseling, training, instruction, and experience. Mental and/ or physical. Write Box 3692.

#### WANTED VERY HANDSOME MASTER

By very goodlooking 33 year old, 5'11", 165 lb. athletic, nice body, defined slave. Your hot, very handsome, muscular, master. Between 25 to 35 years old, around 6' or taller. Hairy chested a plus. I'm somewhat in-experienced, but willing to learn. I'm ready for your pleasure, to be stripped naked, chained, ready for S/M, B and D, whips, suspension, TT, CBT, Ass torture, etc. No scat or W/S. No drugs or drunks. Am aware of current diseases, and am looking for a permanent master. Letter with photo to JIM, P.O. Box 20599, Long Beach, CA 90801. If your not real handsome, don't bother.

#### HOT HANDSOME HANDBALLER

Climb on top and get inside of this insatiable 5'9", 26, 160# dark hair, moustached man with deep wide hungry hole. Seeks similar together hot trim fisting buddies for mutual plowing and stuffing each other, into good times, flexible roles expanding limits. Photo— phone Box 3716.

#### USED JOCKS/SHORTS/LEVIS

Worn by Heavily Hung Studs plus pics. Send S.A.S.E. to: Box 5191 El Monte, CA 91734.

#### MASOCHIST

Wants to serve Sadistic Tops in Uniform. Boots cleaned. 213-913-3819.

#### BONDAGE FREAK

Seeks experts. Hot, 28, hairy hung bodybuilder bottom wants hot bondage scenes, shaving trips. (213)848-2066.

#### HORNY DADDY

Handsome 40's slim tight hard strict. Want bottom to use. Must be willing obedient physically clean & healthy. Cuffs— jocks, tit-work, Lt. bondage. Limits discussed and respected. 714-499-1751.

#### I LOOKING FOR

A sincere w/m 19-30. Photo appreciated. Paul Loner, 1869 Morton Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90026.

#### STAMPS AND SLAVES

Are the world's most popular collecting hobbies. As investments, few things have increased more dramatically in price in the last decade. Two Leathermen interested in both would like to hear from others worldwide. P.O. Box #20304, Long Beach, CA 90801.

#### YNG BLND STUD— BL EYES

Hung big, trim bod, bi—sks 3-some w/male & female couple. Photo/ ph. Box 1293, Reseda, CA 91335.

#### HOT HAIRY HUNG 6'2", 185, 39

Bearded dude into uninhibited prolonged man action, fucking, sucking, verbal abuse, fantasy, uniforms, jocks, exhibitionism, voyeurism, mirrors, toys, will do most anything. Send picture with descriptive letter, will answer all. Do it now! No age, size, race hang-ups. #549, 177-F Riverside Dr., Newport Beach CA 92663.

#### BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

36 5'10 1/2 180 lbs— love all types of bondage both ways. Call Paul (805)966-6019. Santa Barbara from 6-10 P.M.

#### BODYBUILDER, 5'10", 195 LBS.

Seeks other musclemen. Box 3596 L.A. CA 90028.

#### EX-MARINE/ COACH

6'/ 175, hairy, br/bl, mustache High School Coach looking for older (45-65) MEN, ex-coaches, jocks, military career men a plus. Dig man to man

action with hairy, tatoo, cigar and pipe smoking ex-jocks who still enjoy the world of sports. Pick-up your clipboard and send this hot coach your game plan. Your photo gets mine. COACH: 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8 L.A., CA 90068.

#### MODESTO MASTER

Peter S. Your letter answering ad about Desert Training Ranch had no return address. Pls write again. HEXA—D—RANCH, P.O. BOX 6269 TORRANCE, CA 90504.

#### WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to totally serve, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad 1101 E. Carson, Long Beach, CA, 90807, included complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

#### LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic, Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy satisfy mutual needs. Rawhide and steele will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

#### PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded, 6', 155#, w/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

#### DEAR SON

I'm 43 yr. 6 ft. 9 in., stud. Stop by for a visit at 21003 Amie Ave. #5 Eve. Torrance Calif 90503.

#### WANTED MASCHIO SCHIAVO ITALIANO

Dominant B/M Honcho, 39, wants his sexy boots, soxs, feet worshipped by wildass, hot-looking macho Italian bootdog animal mutt with an insatiable, inexhaustible boot-licking appetite: kiss/ lick/ taste/ suck/ chew boot leather; lick feet, suck toes, eat toejam; wolf-down raunchy soxs jockstraps. Mutt to be hogtied/ roped by slave nuts, mandated to submit to heavy cocksucking, VA, WS, rigorous TT, CBT, crotch-shaving, ass-beltin, and deliver up his doghole for hard fucking. Prefer Italian, 30-45, w/ moustache, (however, all dark swarthy White dogs, considered) w/ huge, furry nuts, thick, uncut meat, big-booted, smelly feet. If White mutt discerns his foredoomed destiny in life is to receive cock as opposed to giving it, and serve as a full-time boot-dog/ piss-toilet/ torture-slave to truculent Black Master, then get on your knees, and write grovelling letter and submit mandatory photo to: P.O. Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051-2672.

#### PERMANENT

Position available for apprentice house slave. Must be masculine and obedient. Submit detailed application with full length photo to: P.O. Box 9061 Palm Springs, CA 92263.



#### THE HANDJOB FRAT.

Is a L.A. nonprofit group j/o club in its 3rd year. J/O enthusiasts (local only please) write to: H.J.F. 11020 Ventura Blvd., Box 293 Studio City, CA. 91604.

#### TELEPHONE NUMBERS

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#### COLORADO

##### HOT ESCORT AVAILABLE

5'8", 44" Chest, 32" Waist, Blonde Hair and Beard, Hairy Body, German—Cherokee Descent. Into Weightlifting, S/M, B/D, T/T, Water Sports, Electricity, And Most Scenes. Very Versatile. Have Lived Most of My Fantasies But Perhaps I Can Help You Live Out Yours. Fly Me Anywhere For A Weekend Of Imaginative Adventure. Call Days Only Mon-Fri, 10-5, Ask For Bill, (303) 440-4782. You Won't Regret It.

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##### MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER

Experienced seeks partners who want and need S&M, B&D, TT, C&BT, Gr/Fr, WS, Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys. Send me your applications. Limits respected. Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share. Box 1531.

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##### CC WILMINGTON

A mid 40's top man/ master desires a slim passive slave type. Prefer a young novice. Italian, Oriental, Puerto Rican, Black. WHB P.O. Box 251 Wilmington DE 19899.

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

##### MASTER WANTED

To enjoy BD, leather, rubber, and piss. Me—25, 6'2", 180. You—over 30, hairy, preferably uncut and looking for a goodtime w/no commitment. Write P.O. Box 1165, Washington DC 20008.

#### HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Box 3712.

#### SLAVE

Desires to serve smooth, well-equipped Masters into verbal abuse, CS, WS, bondage, & lite S/M. If you relish dominance of older slave in good condition, I am your Q. Write: Sandy, 412 G Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

#### FLORIDA

##### FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE

Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc., for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must, phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258.

##### IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

##### FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313.

**ATTRACTIVE, BEARDED MASTER** 36, seeks crotch, piss slaves, who enjoy humiliation, being used. Travel widely. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

##### WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M:wh, un36, some exper lthrsx, slim or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature. S:Wh, 40, educ, finan secure, 6'3", BB, Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full lthr & equip, boots, toys for it to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, CBTT, WS, GrA, FrP, Respect lim, but we'll expand them.

M:describe self & exper, phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S:Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S.Fla. Mr. Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla.33339.

##### CENTRAL FL— 6'4" 175#

55 yrs. Best service to horny men on I—75 So of Ocala. Light TT & CBT— No fats— any age or race. Box 3704.

##### HOT UNINHIBITED MIAMI FLA

Levi-leather s/m daddy, yn. 40, 140, 5'10", professional, stable, secure, intelligent loving dude seeks son, lover, friend, 25-40, intelligent, honest, sincere, to share life's good things and to mutually dedicate our lives to the ultimate self realization, gratification & happiness. Write Box 3723.

##### HOT

W/M, 31, athletic seeks BB, cops, truckers, linemen, construction. 305-523-5368. Let's talk.

##### OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

##### 36 GWM RUBBER AND BOOT SLAVE

Looking for rubber daddy 30-45 also like rubber diapers etc.— picture. Shave all my hair and dress me in rubber GA! GA! Can relocate. Like toys too! Box 3746.

##### FT. LAUD. SLAVE

Begs for correspondence and/ or scenes with hot MASTER who knows how to handle a 6'2", blond, blue, wm, in 30's, with good build. Continue training in B&D, S&M, WS, TT, C&B. This slave needs to serve through the pen or body. Write with picture please, SIR! Box 3750.

##### HAIRY

Miami MASTER, 33, wants boot-licking bottoms for training in B&D, spanking, paddling, w/s and ballwork. Beginners

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#### GEORGIA

##### —BREECHES AND BOOTS—

Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fetish for tall, tight, polished boots. I am booted and breeched top, white, 60, 6 feet, 165 pounds. Into leather, light S&M, motorcycling, boot worship, uniforms and wearing riding clothing in public with similarly clad partner. Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga. Box 3155.

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Into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel. Box 3276.

##### HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27, 150 lbs, 5ft10in, with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No fats, fems, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348.

##### ATLANTA S. CANCER

25, 5'10", 170, White, 7", requires young obedient body slave. Must have good body and mind. 1338 Mc Lendon Ave. #2, (404) 525-7749.

##### HORNY WM, 32, 155 LBS

5'11", Blue eyes, black hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, aroma, three-ways. Versatile French/ Greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

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Boots, whips, heavy tit/ ass work. P/P. TLC. Wild. 42, 6'2", 172. Seeks lean compatriots All scenes. Fulfill fantasies. Multiple orgasms. Pix/ details: Betje-man, P.O. Box 27528, Atlanta GA 30327.

**W/M, 34, 5'10" 140#**  
Uncut. Seeks cop for relationship, anywhere, any age, any race. Will relocate. Box 3745.

## IDAHO

**DAD (TAURUS)**  
W/M— 48— 6'4" 185 LB— Seeks Lean— 18-25 son/ slaveboy— loveing, lasting relationship write your expectations & photo— R.R. Field P.O. Box 1358— Priest River, Idaho— 83856.

## ILLINOIS

**ENEMA/ASS SLAVES**  
2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage, humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry. First-timers and novice welcome— limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237.

**GERMAN MASTER**  
Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsome, blond, blue, hung, uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O.B. 6262, Chicago, IL 60680.

**CHICAGO AREA**  
Professional blonde WM 6'1", 50, 180 seeks tall handsome leather top under 40 will compensate if nec send photo phone# to Box 3673.

**LONGJOHN GUYS WANTED**  
Into underwear/ longjohn scenes incl. B&D/ HUM. Jay 606 W. Barry #179 Chicago IL 60657.

**GOODLOOKING, SLENDER**  
Very hot leather top, 26, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather. I dig the looks, smell, and feel of leather. Can be versatile. Dig chaps, levis, boots, etc. Illinois and surrounding states. Photo necessary with letter. Box 3713.

**GWM, 6'3", 180#, 8", 44, M**  
Sexual topman wants his own GWM, 30 plus, bottom friend/ slave, lover, send picture with reply and phone number to Box 214, 606 W. Barry Chicago, Illinois, 60657.

**CHICAGO TV-MAMA**  
Loves Men who are men, 18-40, Uncut, Latin's, Uniform's, Biker's, Trucker's, Master's, W/S. I'm willing to try anything once! NO FEM'S/ PHONE FREAK'S. T. Harris 1725 N. Albany #1 Chicago, Ill. 60647. (312)235-8305.

**CHICAGOLAND**  
Man-Boy 27, 5'10", 175, clean shaven, looking for a man to try and collar me, chain me, and sexually use me. I'm finally learning I was meant to submit. If you can train my mind and body to respect you, write. Box 3737.

**CHICAGO MASTER**  
41 6'2" 190# 41  
wants studs for photo session in hot playroom-dungeon. S&M action if desired but not necessary. Box 2630 Chicago, ILL. 60690.

## INDIANA

**STUD, 22, AND DAD, 36**  
Both hot, 6', 160, seek bottoms 18-22,

punks also to help gang Dad. P.O. Box 1063 Muncie, IN 47305.

## LOUISIANA

**LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS**  
New Orleans. WM, 35, Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, High black boots, Full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1579.

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About Leather, raunch, muscles, assholes. Goodlooking bodybuilder 5'9", 165 lbs, 36, likes action and red hot correspondence with musclemen, tops, toughs, and perverts. Box 3720.

**LOVING MASTER**  
Wants chunky slave boy, 25-45. Relationship. Box 3753.

## MARYLAND

**SLAVE/SERVANT WANTED**  
Muscular tall; 6'2" @ 210 Lbs. Plus; butch or androgynous gwm. Versatile, obedient, quiet. Write Box 3738.

## MASSACHUSETTS

**B&D BOY SPANKING**  
Step dad 43 disciplines step sons if you need your bottom warmed write. Hand Paddle Strap. Box 3677.

**BOSTON MASTER**  
30, 6' 160 LBS, muscular & handsome looking for slaves into sucking my cock, being humiliated, spanked and fucked. Write with a picture. Box 3701.

**BOSTON-FF TOP**  
Wanted by HRY BLD WM 40, 165# to join my lover, WM 43 155# in giving me double fisting. Large hands/ cock a plus but not nec. Box 3730.

**JOIN THE ACTION MEN**  
Boston wrestling club offers membership listings newsletters Box service +

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## HOT NIPPLE DAD

Looking for younger punk son needing training and to exchange tit torture. I expect him to have a level head tight not very hairy body. He should be willing to endure fantasies with respecting dad, a young 40, open minded with hairy body. Dad also enjoys jogging, yard work & video. Not hung up on bar scene. You will be glad. Box 3756.

## MICHIGAN

**WILL ASSUME EITHER**  
Role, or both, for weekend bondage and discipline in wilderness setting. Box 3725.

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**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**  
TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white, seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs to be owned. Prefer young (however all considered), trim or muscular, clean, obedient, submissive and ready for slavery in mind. Novice okay, will train. If you know you were meant to be a slave, write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo. Box 3251.

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Kansas City. Tattooed S, 45, 6'2", muscular 185, 7", wants slender man-slave 20-30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle. Apply with photo. Box 3129.

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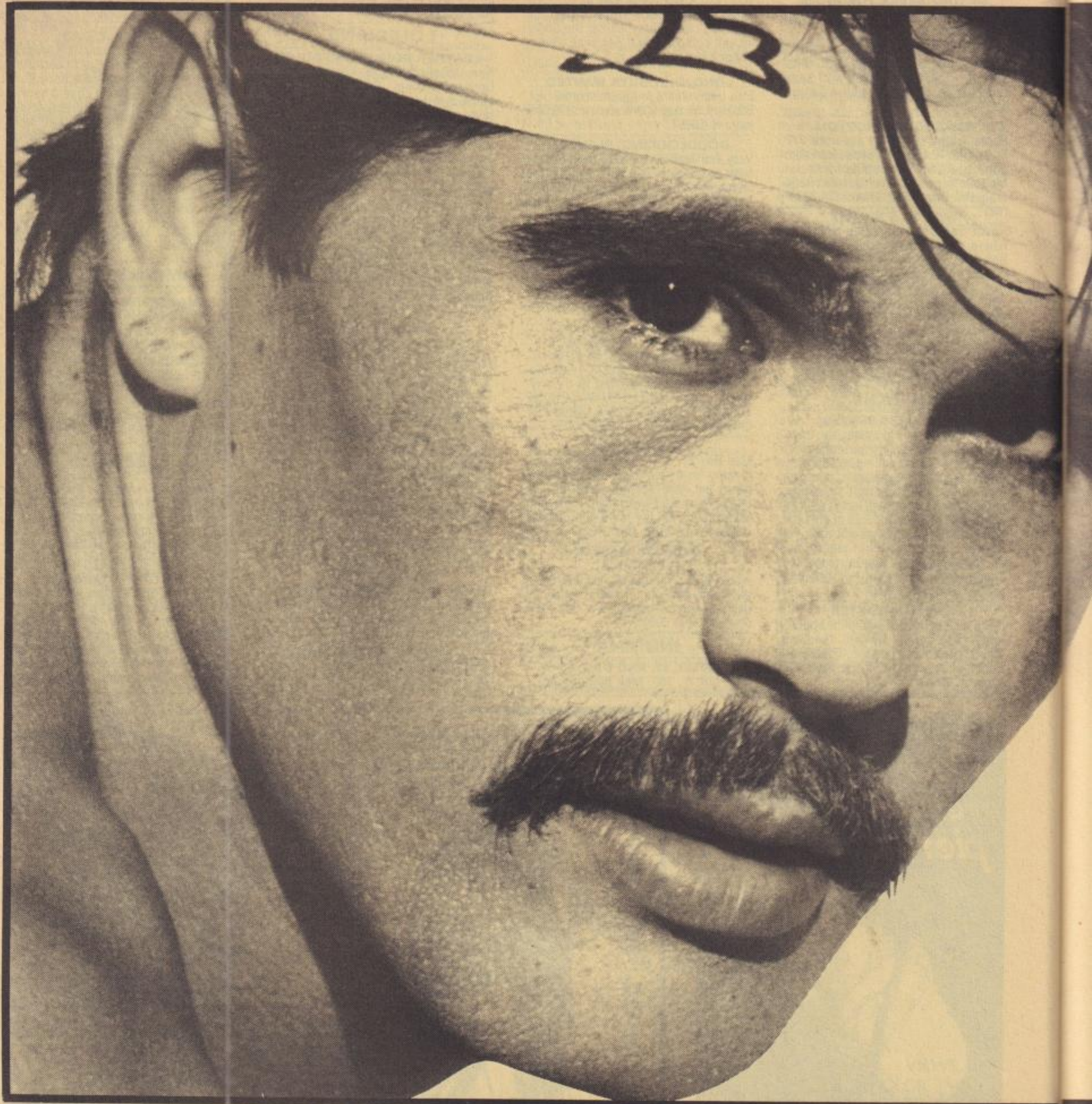
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Ultra Lube is a body lubricant with the scent of clove, is tasteless, water soluble and bio-degrad-able. Ultra Lube removes easily when first washed with warm water before applying soap. Ultra Lube when used properly doesn't require a large amount to serve its intended use and, if more is required, use sparingly. Ultra Lube is a natural product made of 100% food grade ingredients. No undesirable chemicals or other additives used.





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#### HUGE TITS

My tortured tits, beaten body, and insatiable tongue await your use. Good-looking, hairy chest, uncut, lots of fun for your pleasure. Box 3694.

#### YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

#### DAD LOOKING

For young son to assist with duties on 5 wooded acres in serving dad. Some discipline expected and respect for a motorcycling master. Send photo with your facts & reason why you should be the chosen one to share my life— W/M Southern MO. Box 3736.

#### NEVADA

**G/W/M, 29, 5'10", 165 ST. APPEAR** Looking for super hung stuff—I idolize cock and can play with it well. Into serious sucking and some verbal aggression. Prefer older men with strong mental attitudes, beliefs and experience lets correspond some before we meet. I travel to Calif., Ariz., S.Utah, and upstate. Absolutely no relationships, sm etc. Las Vegas. Box 3731.

#### NOVICE NEEDS FF INSTRUCTION

Open to most other scenes. 5'11", 195. Hairy men and toys a big turn-on. Age unimportant, attitude is. Your place only. Write with photo, then let's meet. George, 316 California Ave. #223, Reno, NV 89509. Discretion expected, assured.

#### NEW JERSEY

##### NORTHERN JERSEY

W/m, 43, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems, or phonies. Box 291.

##### PHOTOGRAPHER—BRIGHT

Witty attractive, oral, 32— wants to focus lens, lust on trim, hairy men 18-40. Let's swap pix/ licks. RIX, Box 597, Belleville, NJ 07109.

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##### WAY OUT S&M

Given to hot body, young, experienced or beginner M by well-equipped, level-headed Master. Send photo, age, height, weight to: Box 12R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., NYC 10036.

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Correctional facilities for disciplining young aspiring Bondage Slaves. A strict but decent Custodian supervises caged confinement & woodland exposures, employing Pillory, Strait-jacket, fetters, etc. Body shaving, prolonged restraint, humiliation imposed. Also unpleasant chastisement when necessary for behavior control. Heavy S&M, pain, FF, Scat NOT approved. Prisoner's limits & responses, both mental & physical, closely monitored. Mutual trust, respect encouraged. Long term slavery considered. Photo necessary, sent with honest dignified application to: The Warden, 335 W. 11, NYC 10014, NY.

##### TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village. Experienced S, W/m, 48, 5'9", 175 lbs. uncut, shaved

head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained) for long, hot sessions. Must have endurance, crave punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S/M, B/D, etc. No scat. My motto: sane S/M; intense, not brutal; erotic, not reckless; firm but affectionate. If your head is right, write appropriate letter now. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

##### ATTENTION SLAVES

Manhattan Master, 36, 6'4", 190 lbs with slave, 32, 6'3", 170 lbs. Both are muscular, blonde and attractive. You are also muscular and attractive and need to be trained and owned as a second slave. Applications without detailed resume and photo will not be considered. Box 673.

##### MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26, 6'6", 205#, blond, smooth. Big hungry butt, throat for long, exploring sessions. FF, leather, titwork, piss, toys, S&M, many things if approached with right attitude. You: hot, experienced, together. Hairy muscles a special turnon. Train me, guide me, lead me to new levels through trust & respect, not violence or humiliation. Include photo/phone. Your place. Box 3338.

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##### NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

W/m, 5'7", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, hairy. Hot ass, wants to be bound & fucked. Also into B/D, W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M, enemas, polaroids, toys. Seeks patient & understanding topman to teach and help me expand my limits. Must be 25-40, good body, attractive. Photo & phone appreciated. Box 3373.

#### (212)672-1010 TOP/INSATIABLE JKSN HTS, QNS

W/m, 6/160/bro/bro, You now know all you need to know about this insatiable top, who's always looking for true bottoms, short of talk, but long on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal & physical abuse. Having worn both the green of the army, as well as the blue of the navy, will obviously give preference to former members of the military and/or married slobs, who realize it is their preordained destiny in life to receive cock, as oppose to giving it. Box 3381.

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##### W/M 36 145 LBS

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery. Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave. Box 3432.

##### MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect. WM, 28, 5'4", 135, dk hr, brd, hry, musc, new to NYC, inexp but enth, sks WM 40+ top/master, brd, hry, (pref) musc for reg trng sessions. Spend 20 cents and 10 minutes. I'm worth it. Box 3344.

##### MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

Let's have leather sex on and off our bikes. Slaves invited if you can take B&D, C&BT, TT, SM, WS, etc. Novice will be trained. Men from areas of NY, CT, NJ, MASS. Write me with details and photo. Box 3035.

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Masculine, bearded, master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim, and under 35. Reply with Photo and Phone#. J. Miller, 156 Wall St. Kingston, NY 12401.

#### NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man, into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40. Box 3373.

#### CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage— coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc./ musc. B.B.'s Into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/ captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/ Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/ sex master.

Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ fakes/ fems. Box 3566.

#### HOT PISS SLAVE

W/M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, muscular, seeks uncut piss master. Also bondage. Novice to S/M: no heavy pain, must respect limits Hungry ass into toys. No SCAT, heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies. Box 3564.

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#### LONG ISLAND/ QUEENS

WM, 46, 6', 195, Discreet educated professional with dominant fantasies

seeks WM with submissive fantasies for mutual beginners' exploration. Box 3678.

#### OUTDOOR ORGYs

Leather, levis, tits, recycled beer, B&D, S&M. Older Daddies O.K. Mid-Hudson Valley, Western Connecticut/ Massachusetts. Write Cedar Knoll, RD #2, Box 414, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572.

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Into extreme Bondage, heavy S&M, scat & suffocation. Looking for a man who won't take no for an answer. Please Sir, Beat the shit out of me. Occupant 175 Fifth Ave. #3348 N.Y., NY 10010.

#### ATTORNEY 31 6' 200 LBS

BB looking for buddy, you must be still in closet, bottom, discreet, in shape. No one night stands. Send detailed letter to P.O. Box "B" S.I. NY 10301.

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#### ENEMAS

W/M, 40, wants to give Big-Assed Daddies Greek and Enemas. Write Box 50 G, 147 West 42nd Street, Room 603 N.Y., 10036.

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Looking for muscular bottoms for limits exploration. Send photo/ phone. Box 446 Syracuse, N.Y. 13210.

#### GOODLOOKING WHITE MALE

Late 30's easy going but dominant in nature. Honest, sincere, together and affectionate are but a few of my qualities. Enjoy GR active, shaving, bondage but can get into various other scenes depending on my partner. However no pain. Looking to meet guys 18-35 who are looking for good times, a friend, brother image, or possible relationship. If you are inexperienced that's ok, I have lots of patients. Live on Long Island. Respond with phone number and picture if possible. Occupant— P.O. K Valley Stream NY. 11582.

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Insatiable Fr Active wants "huge" cocks for weekly oral action. Group scenes preferred. Age or race no barrier if you are hung. Photo appreciated. No W/S or S&M. Fox, P.O. Box 2625, Rockefeller Cntr Sta., NYC 10185.

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W/M, 25, 5'1", 100, brwn/ grn, well-built shaven body- seeks husky, well-built, clean cut, daddy/ bigbrother type. (uncut preferred. Not necessary) who will teach me mutual raunch, w/s, scat, bodyworship, foot & armpit licking. No s/m, b/d. All Photos and descriptions answered. Box 3728.

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Tall slim GWM 34 needs his fat meat, jerked, sucked, worshiped anything perverted big ball to be worked on. Explicit letter photo phone Box 3729.

**SAMURAI MASTER SEEKS W/M BONDAGE SLAVE**

Goodlooking young oriental master seeks healthy, clean submissive slave 20-35 for bondage, dildoes, tits/ ass play, bodyworship. Am 25, 135, 5'7", novice, w/smooth body. No drugs, scat, S&M, fats. Send photo & phone to Box 3715.

**WANTED—BURLY, OVERPOWERING**

Overweight, cigarette smoking bondage topman to teach this 45 yr old 5'5", 155 LB novice. No FF scat piss or drugs. Box 3717.

**ABUSIVE YOUNG GUYS**

Who dont wash too often are welcome to visit me in N.Y.C. I'm handsome clean-shaven 35. Also like pain. T/Torture scat WS. Send photo. Letter Phone Box 3718.

**ARIES, NOVICE**

38 WM 5'5" 145# uncut. Needs help learning joys of C&B, Bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, ass play. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy, collection, boot hoist, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest well built to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 3705.

**BUTCH PASS. NOVICE**

Wants some fantasies to happen. Need patient teacher to work on my ass, shave me, piss on me, etc. I'm 36, hot, masc., great ass. You— 18-40, great body. No fats. All letters w/photos answered. Box 3703.

**WANTED:**

Serious minded police (state, county, local) correc. officers who will interrogate, abuse, humiliate 28 yr old servant into total degradation. Am prepared for beatings, susp, rimseat, solitary. N.Y. Conn. upstate. P.O. Box 464 Millwood, NY 10546.

**MID—HUDSON TOPMAN**

37, 5'11", 170, seeks partners for leather and steel bondage, CBT/T, hot wax. Versatile Topmen, rebellious bottoms, over 30's preferred. Box 3709.

**BRITISH DISCIPLINE**

Need to improve? You will after your bare bottom is properly caned. Smart, handsome, and strict school master will consider applicants who submit personal descriptions and good reasons for needing to really taste the cane. Box 3699.

**HUNG NYC COCKSUCKER**

For long, thick cocks on well-built young studs (under 35). Hot mouth, tongue, finger action for one or more. Dirty talk & raunchy or intellectual & clean as desired. I aim to please. Call 212-855-7247.

**STUNNING FIRM MASCULINE BUNS**

For punching, squeezing, spanking, etc. OWNER: Handsome, beautiful slim muscular defined physique, 32, tan mark, versatile but inexperienced—first ad— seeks big hard muscled, hung, successful B/B under 38, dominant, aggressive, experienced. Photograph telephone # please. Box 6029, F.D.R., NYC, 10150.

**VERSATILE AUSSIE PIG**

Loves to wallow in filth except B&D. Taurus, 35, 5'9", 140 lbs, visiting states 1984. Visitors to Sydney welcome. Write Barry Lowe, Box 635, G.P.O. Sydney, NSW Australia.

**DUTCH BODYBUILDER**

36, 29" waist, 42" chest, shaved, tattooed, pierced, exhibitionist, into oil, mirrors, toys, likes to meet macho muscle-freaks for hot j/o fantasies. Will visit USA in August. Picture is a must. Write to: HV, P.O. Box 1736, 1000 BS Amsterdam, Holland.

**YOUNG, SLIM ITALIAN DUDE**

Has raunchy jockey shorts, jock straps. Used, loaded, ripe. Send for hot, sexy letter. Go for it, bro. Tony Marini, 409 W. 54th St., #2-B, N.Y.C. 10019.

**NEED COOLHEADED SADISTIC STUD**

Who likes having things done for him. Housecleaning, carwashing, humiliation, worship. Photo/ phone. Box 23, 132 W 24, NYC 10011.

**BODYBUILDING SLAVE**

6'1", 28, blond with muscles looking for a tough, hot, Master. Healthy, dirty sex. I want to be trained if you are tough enough. All sorts of possibilities. Box 3749.

**HOT LOOKING**

M/W, 38, seeks goodlooking men who like their nuts worked over. I will expand your fantasies into reality. Accurate physical description and photo, if possible. Box 3752.

**CIGAR SMOKING STUDS**

Any age, wanted by w/m /36 /145 /5'10 1/2". Write: P.O. Box 669 Grand Central Station New York, NY 10163.

**NEW YORK CITY:**

I am WM, 32, 5'7", 140 lbs., slender build, novice slave, seeks muscular master, 30-40, with experience, equipment, to train me, keeping me chained, naked, abused on weekend confinements. No scat. Your place. Box 3744.

**HOT, DOM, HUNG, G/A**

Handsome, 170 lbs. 6', strong build. Love fucking G/P submissive nice guy. Also lots of kisses, hugs, closeness, being with & lover. Include pic. & phone. P.O. Box 5177 NY, NY 10163.

**ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN**

W/M 33, 6', 145, bottom seeks introduction into rubber/ latex scene. Only

serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/ foto to Rob P.O. Box 2980 Rockefeller Center Station NYC, NY 10185.

**NORTH CAROLINA****MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave ...for obedience, total commitment, punishment (when needed), and love (when earned). I am DEADLY SERIOUS! And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy, (704) 324-1465, or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S.E., Box 24, Hickory, NC 28601.

**COUNTRY BOY**

29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde/ Blue, tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response PO Box 338 Pine Level, N.C. 27568.

**NORTH DAKOTA****RANCH/RODEO COWBOY**

24, W/M Cowboy, 150, 5'9", needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn, Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy only. Cowboys reply to C.R., Box 87, Mandan, North Dakota 58554.

**DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!****OHIO****CLEVELAND**

29, 5'11", 150 lbs, hairy. I need a leather-topman to expand my ass to its limits. WS, FF, TT, scat, possible piercing. No photo needed. I will surpass your expectations. Please include phone# in your answer for quickest response. Box 3156.

**CINCINNATI****LEATHERMAN/ MOTORCYCLIST**

41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss, kiss and fuck 'till it all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cinti., Ohio 45241.

**SUBMISSIVE MALE**

30, white, 5'8", 185 lbs, attractive, professional, wants to give total French Service to dominant, attractive men, 18-? Also want to experience new things— golden showers, body worship, verbal abuse, some light B/D; rimming & maybe passive Greek & piss drinking. No pain, scat, or S/M. Take time to train me for occasional meetings & I wont disapoint you. Willing to

be once a week houseboy & body slave. P.O. Box 8474 Canton, Ohio 44709. No fats. All races & colors. Love very young & BB.

**EXPERIENCED, INTELLIGENT SLAVE**

W/M, 45, 5'8", 140 LBS, trim, attractive body seeks dominant master to administer bondage, spanking, C/B/T/T, golden showers, your scene, your way. Box 216, Toledo Ohio 43695.

**OHIO— WEST PA. & NY**

Interested in lengthy bondage, immobilization with leather, rope, fetters— type restraints; TT, whipping, pain are great, but not scat, FF, heavy drugs, or permanent damage. Top, bottom, or switch. I'm big & ugly: 6'1", 290, 35; Your seriousness & maturity more important than youth or looks— But they're ok too. Box 3708.

**OKLAHOMA****OK CITY DADDY**

45, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes. SM, B&D, WS, shaving, and all other scenes considered. You name it, you get it. Phone/ photo to Box 2099.

**YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!****RODEO COWBOY**

W, 5'10", 150 lbs, 25 yo, goodlooking, good body, seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight fittin' 501 levis, big silver buckles, leather chaps, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather, jeans, and boots. Need my tight bulging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115.

**WANTED SLAVE**

Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918)665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff.

**OREGON****BIG MAN**

Top, 40, Good looking, hairy, bearded, 6'1", 225 lbs, muscular will work your ass, cock, balls, nipples & entire body & mind. Into B&D, TT, W/S, FF. Recent photo with reply to: Pete, P.O. Box 42476, Portland, Oregon 97242.

**SLAVE WANTED**

Master has private 40 acre mountain forest with comfortable home, very well equipped barn training room and stone walled dirt floor dungeon. Slave will live in leather, uniform, and naked; be trained and built in body, mind and spirit. Prefer well defined, smooth body but right attitude and learning capability is important. Master is hunky WM 5'10", 155. Photo mandatory with detailed application. Box 3302.

**DOMINATE MALE**

6', 175#, seeks trim w/m for B/D S/M. Interest important, not experience. Photo. Box 3612.

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Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout, stripping down to sweat-drenched jock straps, eyeing each other, their hands reaching out to feel each other's biceps, pushing hard muscle against hard muscle. If you get turned on by pumped muscles, this tape's for you!

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Teamster Bob picks up a hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck and the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off, then his dirty, greasy jeans. When the jeans hit the floor of the truck cab, you'll find out why this tape is called "Hot Hung Trucker!"

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Needed for heavy bondage, total control, Weekend Confinement, and Discipline. Slave is 35, untamed, able to travel to master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

### PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE

Slave wanted. I'm 28 6'4" 220# Body Builder. Must be athletic and willing to follow orders write to CR P.O. Box 55 Glenshaw PA 15116.

### HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs, 27 yrs, 8 1/2", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination, endless fucking, ass play-toys, B&D, light S&M, huge cocks- very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit— Sir. J.B. 100 Denniston St. Apt.#12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

CHARLESTON, WM, 23, 5'8", 130 Inexperienced bottom seeks dominant top. Box 3719.

## TENNESSEE

### DADDY, W.M., 42, 5'6", 8"

Smooth body. Looking for son any age or race who knows how to satisfy his Dad. Expect job & life outside the home, but must know his place at home. Will train beginners. Proper letter & photo gets same. Box 3710.

## TEXAS

### DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

43, 5'8", 150. Heavy piss, raunchy socks, and tit action. Photo required and exchanged. Box 3045.

### SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

Dominant, versatile, educated professional, w/m 47, 5'11", 175# accepting

applications. You must be mature, masculine, well-proportioned, willing to serve. Any race or age. No drugs or drunks. NOVICE OK— will be trained— limits respected, expanded? Send pic with needs, desires, uses, work, etc. Hdqtrs— Houston. Naked servitude? Permanent live-in possible, or I can travel. MASTER BUD. Also, opening for a master. Box 3329.

### TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER

W 5'10" 150 lbs, 25 yo, good body, seeks others into tight fitten' Levis or black leather pants, boots and cycle jacket. Lets get together and rub leather til its hot. Have cycle to travel. Photo in leather gets mine. Box 3115.

### SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY

GWM, 32, 5'11", 170 lbs, handsome, well-built seeks Daddy 25-50, hung, built, handsome, hopefully uncut & cigar smoker for love, hot sex, attention. Son likes to be fucked, W/S. C/B, needs toilet training, tits. Daddy, please send letter with photo and your worn jock. Your response gets same. JDD, PO Box 191122, Dallas, TX 75219.

### HOUSTON PUPIL

Seeks dominate teacher, master to take me into my proper world of S/M B/D W/S submission, servitude, humiliation into body shaving, leather sincere and dedicated 40's 5'7" 140# Box 3671.

### HOUSTON SLAVE

Seeking dominant master to fulfill fantasies. Into light S&M, B&D, WS, shaving, VA, raunch & humiliation. My experience limited. Start me out your way! Am 24, 5'5", brown/brown, thin, moustache, Box 3714.

### LUBBOCK. BIKES AND LEATHER

Buddies looking for mutual friends for riding or hot sessions. We're a top and a bottom. Both married, safe, and dis-

crete. No B.S. from us and expect same. Your scene or ours. Blackroom available. Box 3727.

### DALLAS— KINKY TOP

Nice looking— 45— white only. No feds or fats— discreet— super clean-marrieds— beginners welcomed— intrigue— imagination— satisfaction— respect limits— photo— prompt reply Box 3706.

### LONELY W/M

Needs dominant lover to reinitiate almost virgin ass. Am new to scene but interested in experiencing rubber, leather, mild B&D, mild spanking, some slave training. Like to wear womens clothes; Please some one answer this add my ass is hot for action. 6'1 1/2" light brown hair, blue eyes, 230#, goodlooking. Box 3707.

### HOUSTON EX—COP

Seeks dominant leather/ uniform top to expand my limits in B&D, S&M. I am W/M 28, 5'11", 185, Hairy. No fats, feds, blacks, scat. Have full Police Gear; Photo appreciated. Box 3702.

### SOUTHEAST TEXAS

Experienced mature W/LeatherDaddy/ Master taking applications for w/submissive obedient son slave who is experienced, or is willing to expand his limits in b/d, w/s, s/m, Fr/a, Gr/p, etc. who is able and desires to satisfy my big fat 8 1/2" tool. An m who is able to please his Master/ Daddy in work as well as in play. Will consider a permanent live-in relationship for the successful applicant who will not only benefit from the training and discipline but also receive my respect and affection. Box 3697.

### W/M, 32, 6', 165#

Brown hair and trim beard. Want to meet tops into cigars. Live in Houston, Some travel possible. Box 3740.

## UTAH

### TWO HOT HORNY TOPMEN

Looking for a new toy to play with. Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together, separately, and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves. Into bondage, whipping, spanking, piss, verbal abuse, and exploration of all fantasies. Master Larry: 6'2", b/b, 175 lbs., good body. Master Michael: 5'6", b/b, 145 lbs., 9 1/2" and thick. Applications will be accepted from Real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body. Don't answer unless you mean it. You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo, vital statistics, experience resume, and phone number. Send to: MASTER Larry, P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091.

### PIERCED BEAR

Seek top or bottom into S/M, B/D, T/T, C/B. P.O. Box 411 SANDY, UTAH 84091.

## VIRGINIA

### BLONDE, BLUE-EYED

### VIRGINIA FARMER

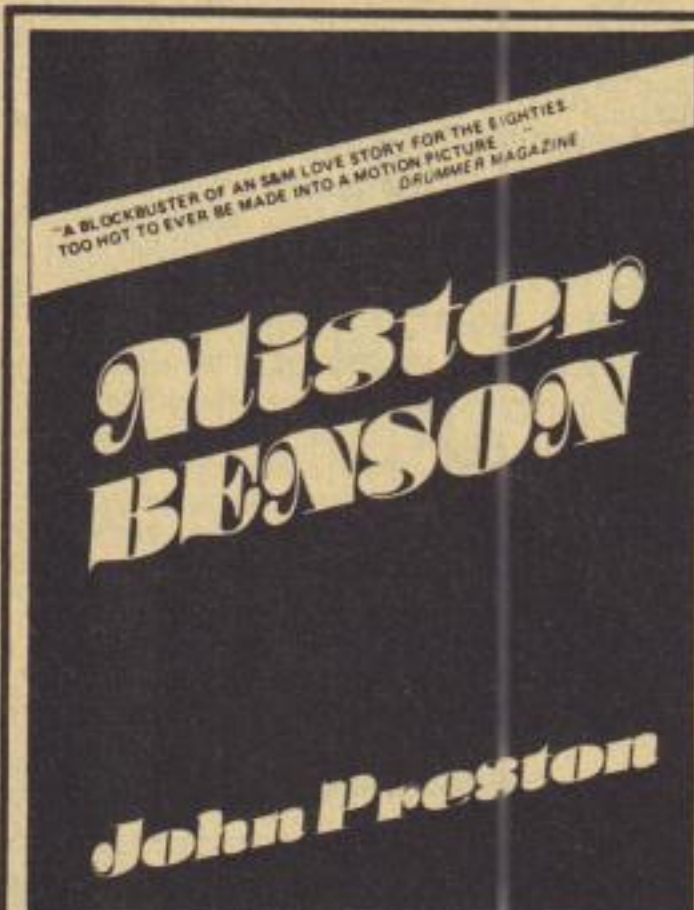
In good shape (5'10", 150 lbs) wants to share bikes, leather, bondage & affection w/ soul brother. Box 3685.

### AM A DICK

9" big balls 130 5'10" gwm youthful 36 healthy. Will obey unhairy white/oriental Dads 40+ with bigger cock. Younger under 150 lbs only, both ways. For: exhib porno sex games B/D W/S FR J/O Body shv No: GR scat FF pierce. PP ok write DICK P.O. Box 11336 Alex VA 22312.

### DONKEY DONG DADDY

45 6'2" 180# 9" uncut stud seek young docile dick to eat ass C/B piss Randy P.O. Box 7651, Richmond, VA 23231.



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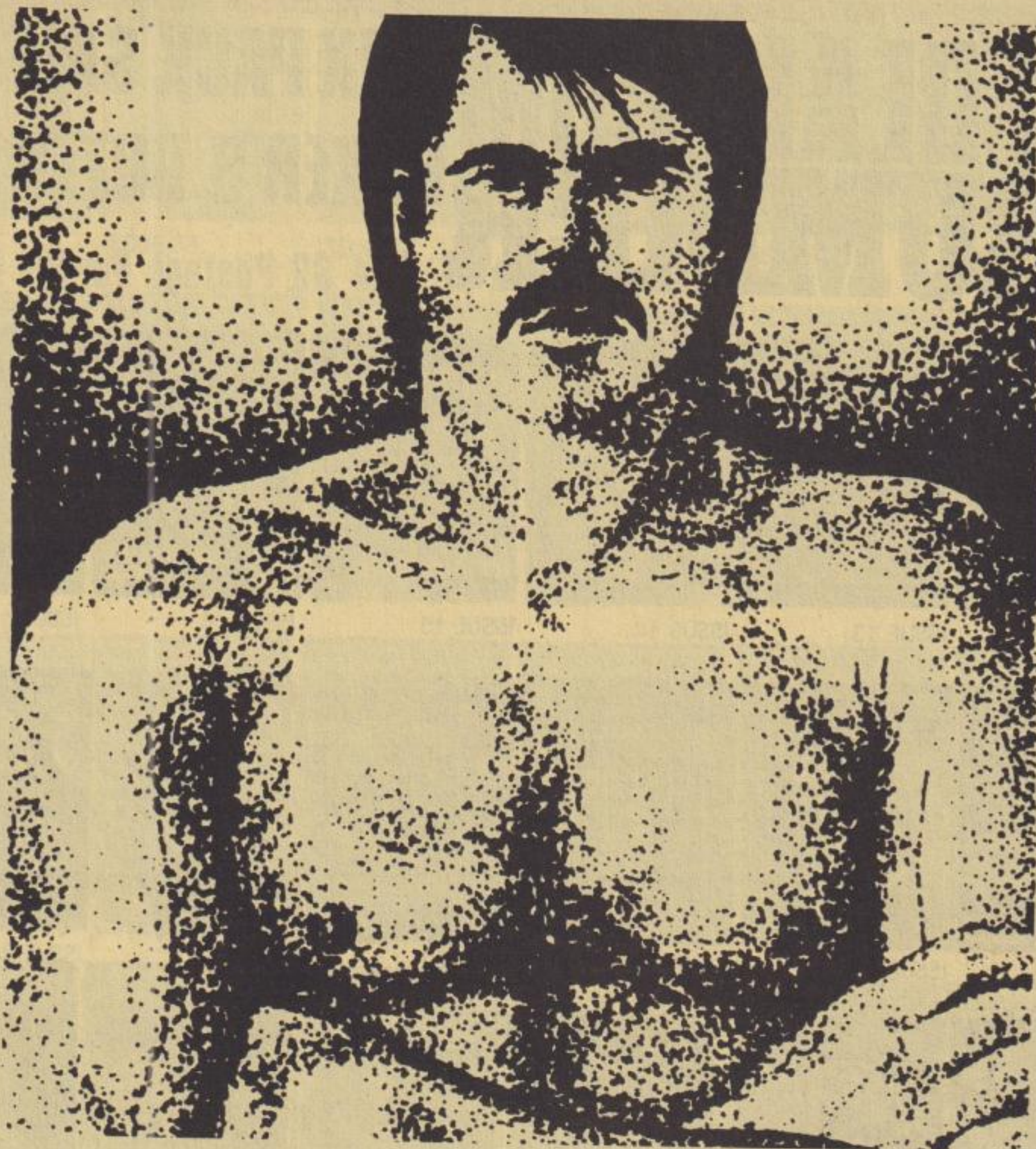
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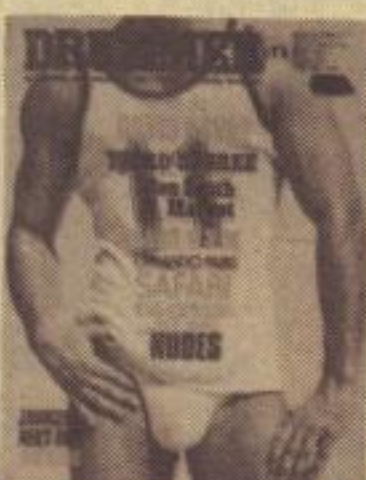
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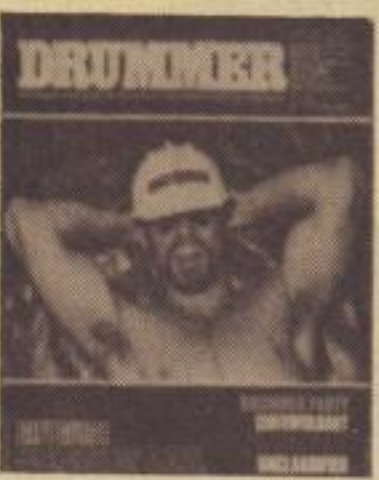
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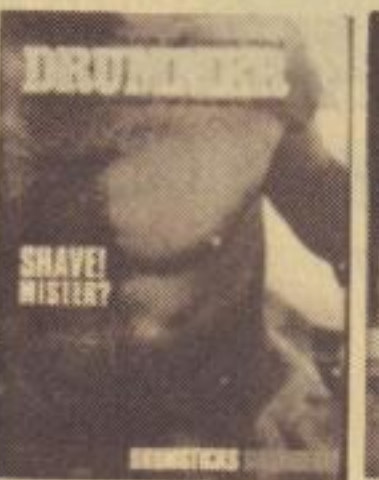
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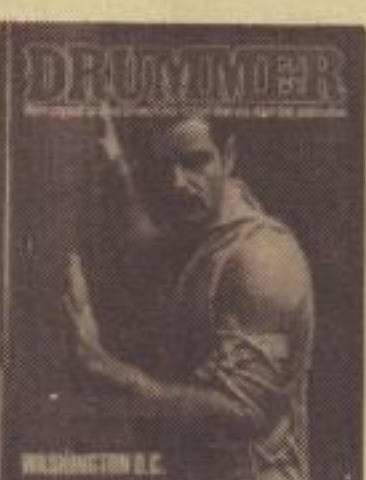
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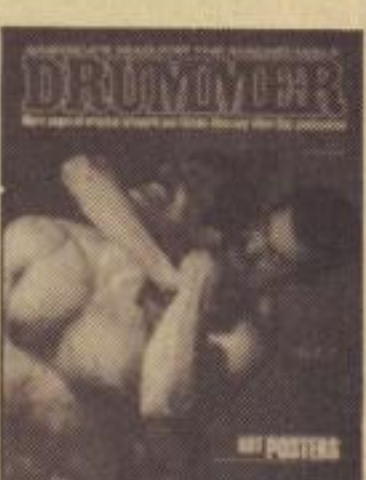
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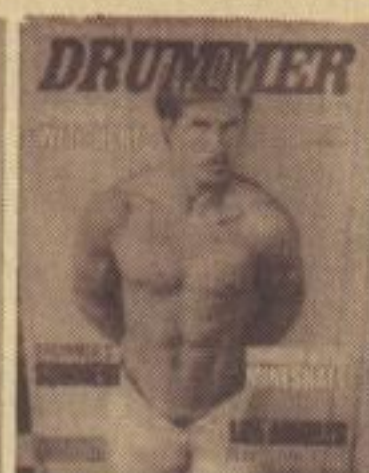




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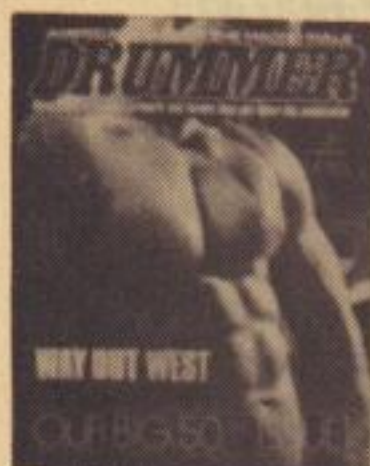
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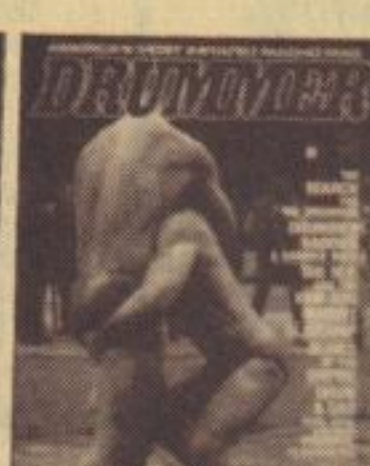
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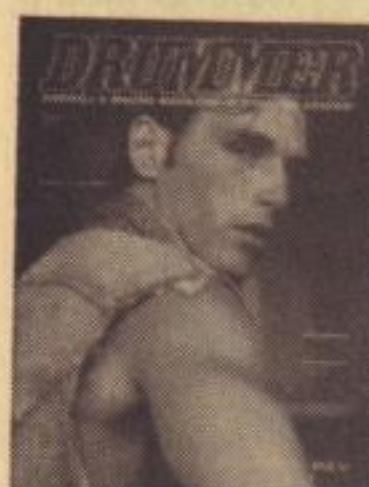
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## WASHINGTON

### LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather, uniforms, boots, SM, CBTA Torture and taking care of Daddy. I'm WM, 35, 6", 170#, bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3487.

### PACIFIC NORTH WEST

5'7", 140 lbs uncut, 40, bd/ moustache. Into utter humiliation, all raunch, ws, enemas, shit, armpits, feet, snot, FF, shaving, B/D, toys, etc. Need punishment. Phone (604)255-1076.

### TACOMA WASHINGTON

Mature bisexual, hung like a horse, looking for afternoon delights. Are you out there hot lips? Box 3733.

### 5'5", 145, 31

Newly trained slave wants firm but humane Master. Willing to explore everything to mutually-respected limits: BD, SM, WS, boot and leather service. No FF, scat. Box 3698.

### GREEK PASSIVE

Hunk, 31, 5'9", needs balls stretched. Steven, Box 16049, Seattle, WA 98116.

## WEST VIRGINIA

### CHARLESTON— HOT SLAVE

Seeking Daddy/ Master. This experienced slave willing to expand few limits and knowledge. Sincere letters with photos answered first. Don't waste your time. Write with demands soon. Box 3724.

## WISCONSIN

### INTELLIGENT MEN

MILWAUKEE/RACINE AREA: 35, 150 lbs, 5'8", 6", blond, blue eyed, moustached, Levi/Western/Leatherman, French A/P, Greek A/P. Rainmaker, Rimming, Tits & toys. Write if you're

35-45, butch looking, black hair, dark eyes, 5'8" or taller. Interests: Bars/all types; travel; movies; food; music; baseball. Uniform cops/firemen a turn-on. Discretion assured. Box 3528.

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27 yr old Master, 6'0" 195 lbs— Muscular, is seeking a young slave boy. Slave must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B&D, TT CB/T; & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607.

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Seeks partners: MASTER/ slave, Father/ son, whatever— as long as I'm BOSS! Truckers, travelers OK. Discreet, limits respected. Box 2171 Madison, WI 53701.

## CANADA

### VERSATILE M

Toronto, M, Pisces, 5'10", 155, 40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55, who is versatile, respectful of limits, sense of humor. M has moderate experience, versatile, and into leather, toys, boots, Greek a/p, WS, bondage, discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, feds, drugs, scat. Box B19.

### TORONTO

Playfully yours, Rodney.  
(416) 922-8484.

### TORONTO: TWO

Raunchy hot looking men, 34, 5'6", 145#, moustache, and 31, 5'11", 145, beard, into fucking, fisting, rimming, bondage, tits, wax, piss, whipping, looking for one or more men into some or all of the above. Box 3722.

## TORONTO AREA

W M 42 wishes to contact mature male having ability, patience, and willingness to provide training/ role model for behavior modification for purpose of increasing my masculine awareness in mental attitude/ outlook/ mannerisms and physical appearance. Role model is man's man type, comfortable with his lifestyle and people, into bodybuilding, and enjoys male action. Meetings, discussion, advice to be arranged on a periodic bases. Box 3742.

## FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas air-mail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

## AUSTRALIA

### MELBOURNE

Know anybody here? Dominating, raunchy, macho topmen in leather, levi's and jockstraps wanted for kinky times with a submissive bottom 45, 6'3" and 190 lbs who is into bondage, ws, tit, ass and c&b play. Box 3332.

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### LONDON BIKER/ SLAVEBOY

Bodybuilder (26, slim, muscular) likes riding in greasy levis, colours and bondage including buttplug. Wants heavy bondage, oil, enemas, weekend or military training, pain-barrier weight-training. Swap photos/ jo letters or (better) meet. Box 3695.

### TOTAL SLAVE REQUIRED

By W/M, 34, 6'2", 175, mustache, hot. If you were born to serve, and have the humility and courage to fulfill your destiny, write me immediately w/ photo. Your limits will be expanded, and you will learn to worship my mind, body

and boots without reserve. Box 3755.

## GERMANY

### LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

Wanted by experienced male 42, 5'11", 160, looking for pigs into mutual and top. Tit work, piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. Like oil, mud, grease, catheter, foot and boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285.

### SOUTH GERMANY

Two hot extra hung studs, 29, 180 lbs, and 44, 170 lbs, into three ways with good looking mature (30-50) bearded versatile masculine men. Box 3165.

### GERMAN BODYBUILDER

29, 5'8", 155 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, well hung, handsome, moustache, active/ passive, versatile, looking for bodybuilder types, 25-45, into B&D, SM, Levis, leather, uniforms. Visiting USA Nov. 83. Letter & photo to: Harry Luedtke, Helhomtzstr. 24, Berlin 10, W. Germany.

### WEST GERMANY

#### WANTED:

Black-leather boots/ full leather-gear/ rubber and dirty scenes like shit & piss. by bottom german boy, visiting U.S. 9/83 (35, 6', 180) Let me worship your turds & boots No FF & whipping. Wolf Seifert, P.O. Box 210664, Berlin 21 (D1000-21) West— Germany— No photo, no reply.

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### ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian, 39 real sportsman, brown hair, geen eyes, muscular, macho type desire to service muscular master. I'm into heavy training whips, tit torture, F.F. verbal abuse etc. Prefer bodybuilder. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Milan. Interchain member. Photo

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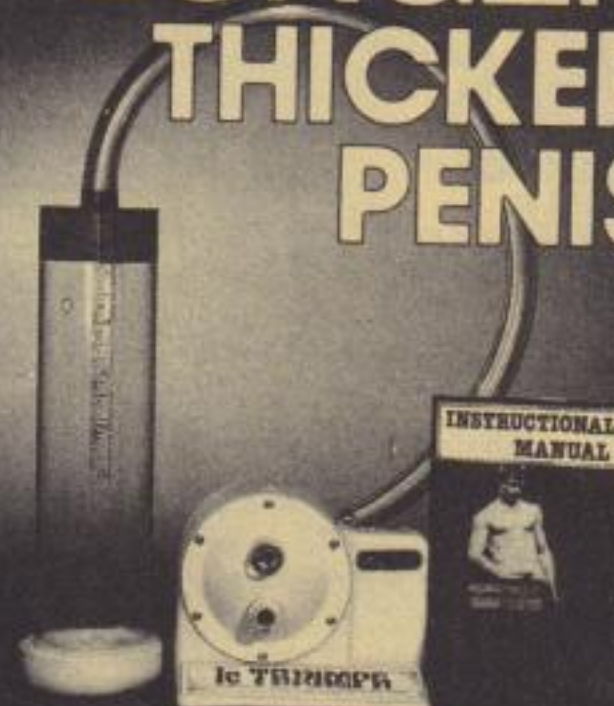
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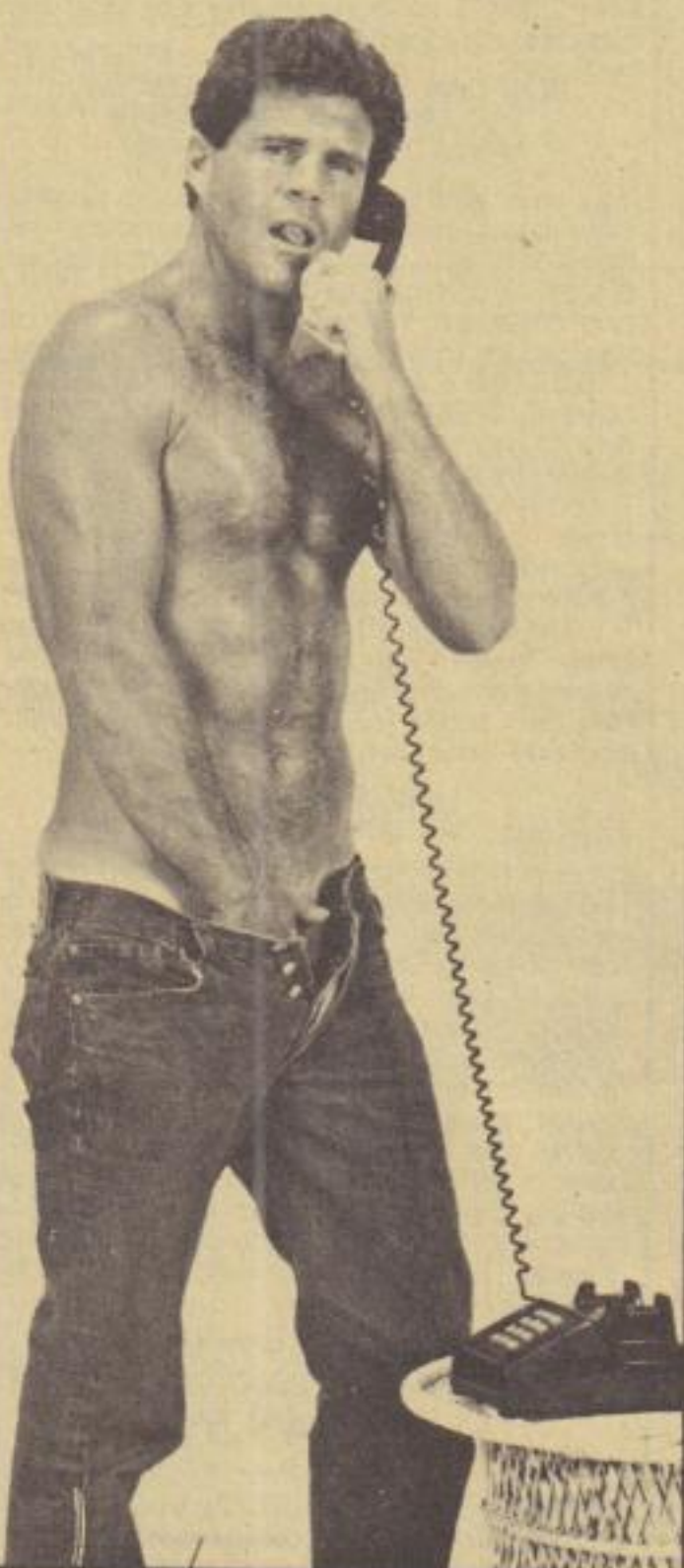
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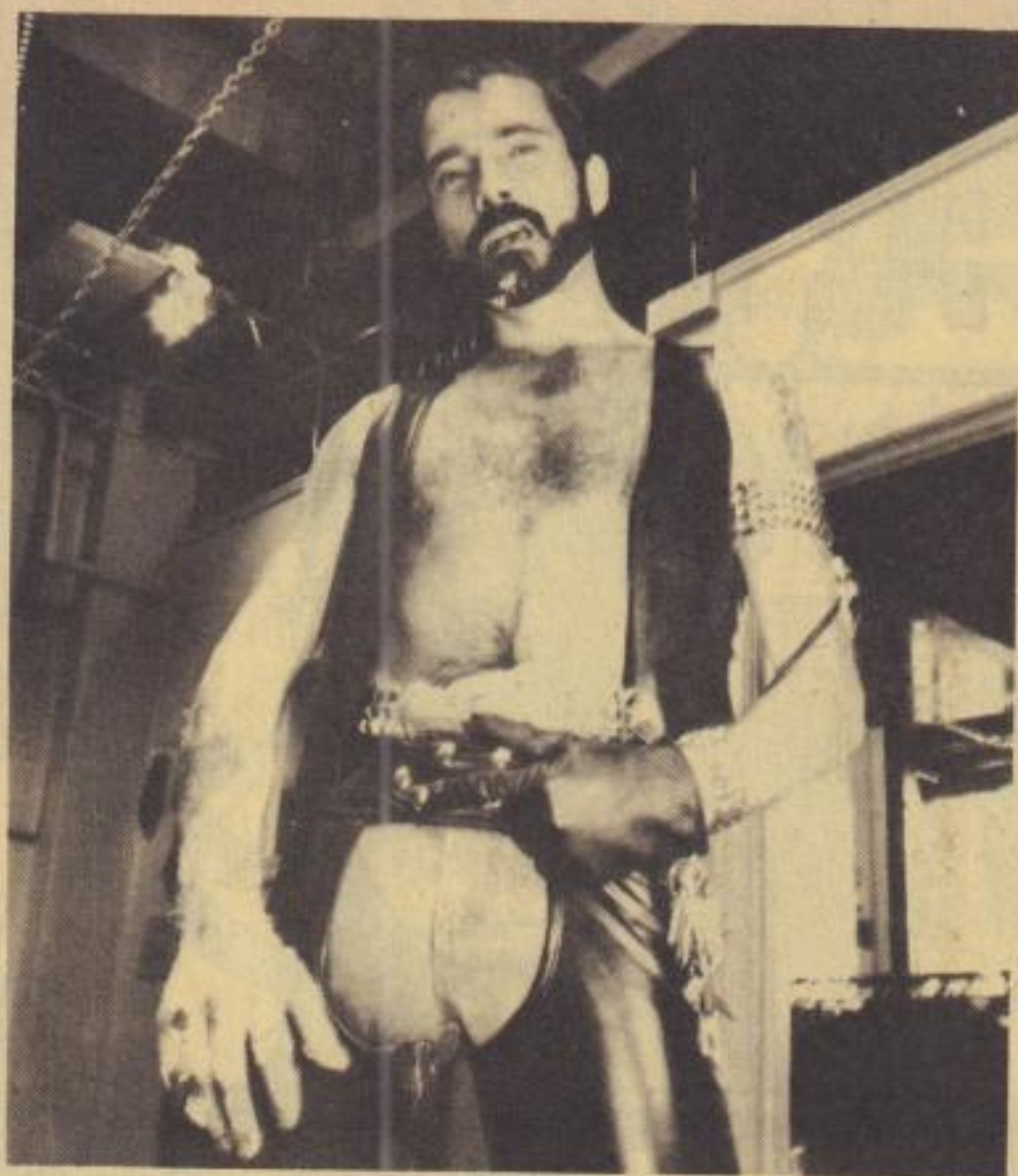
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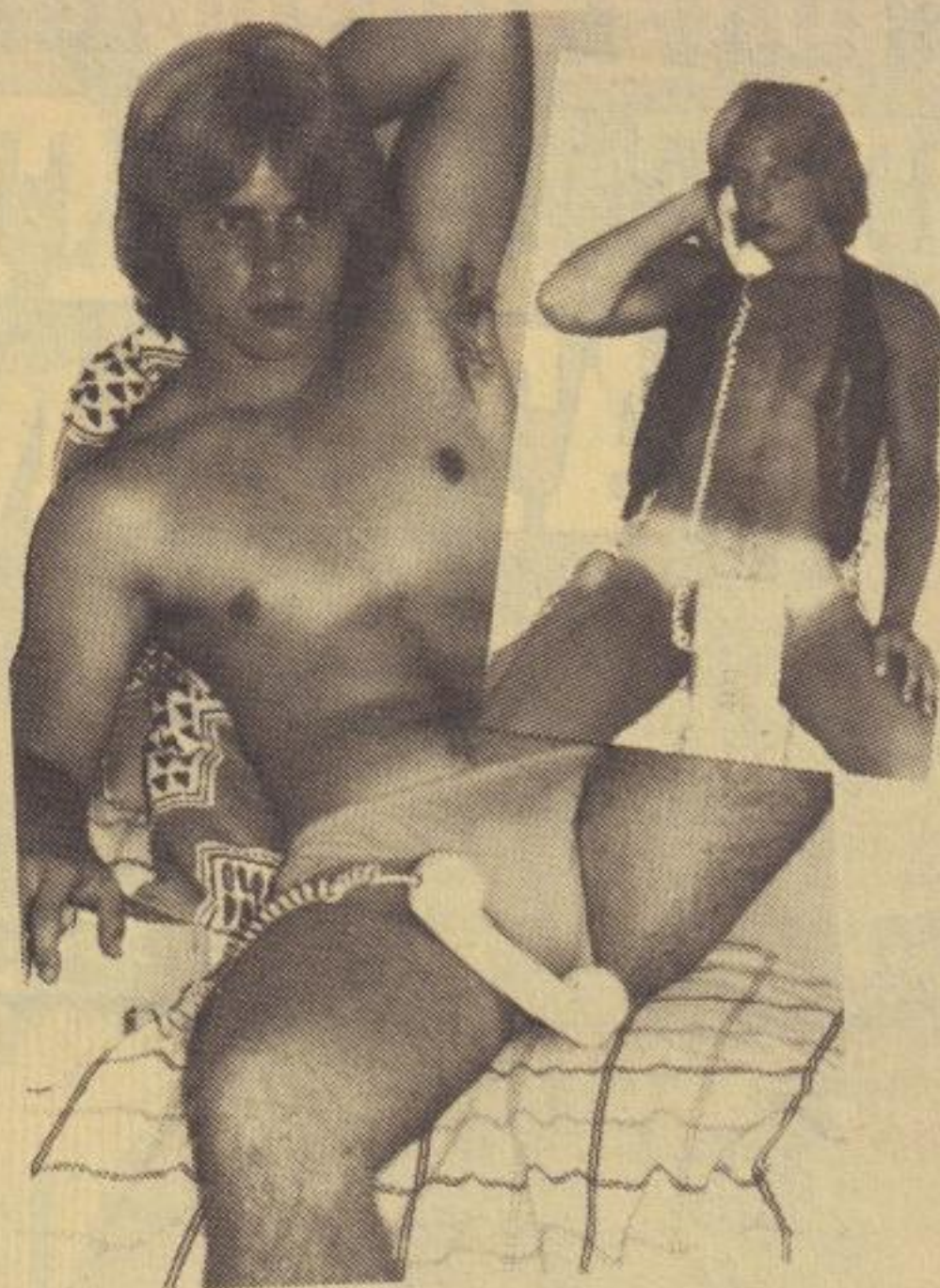
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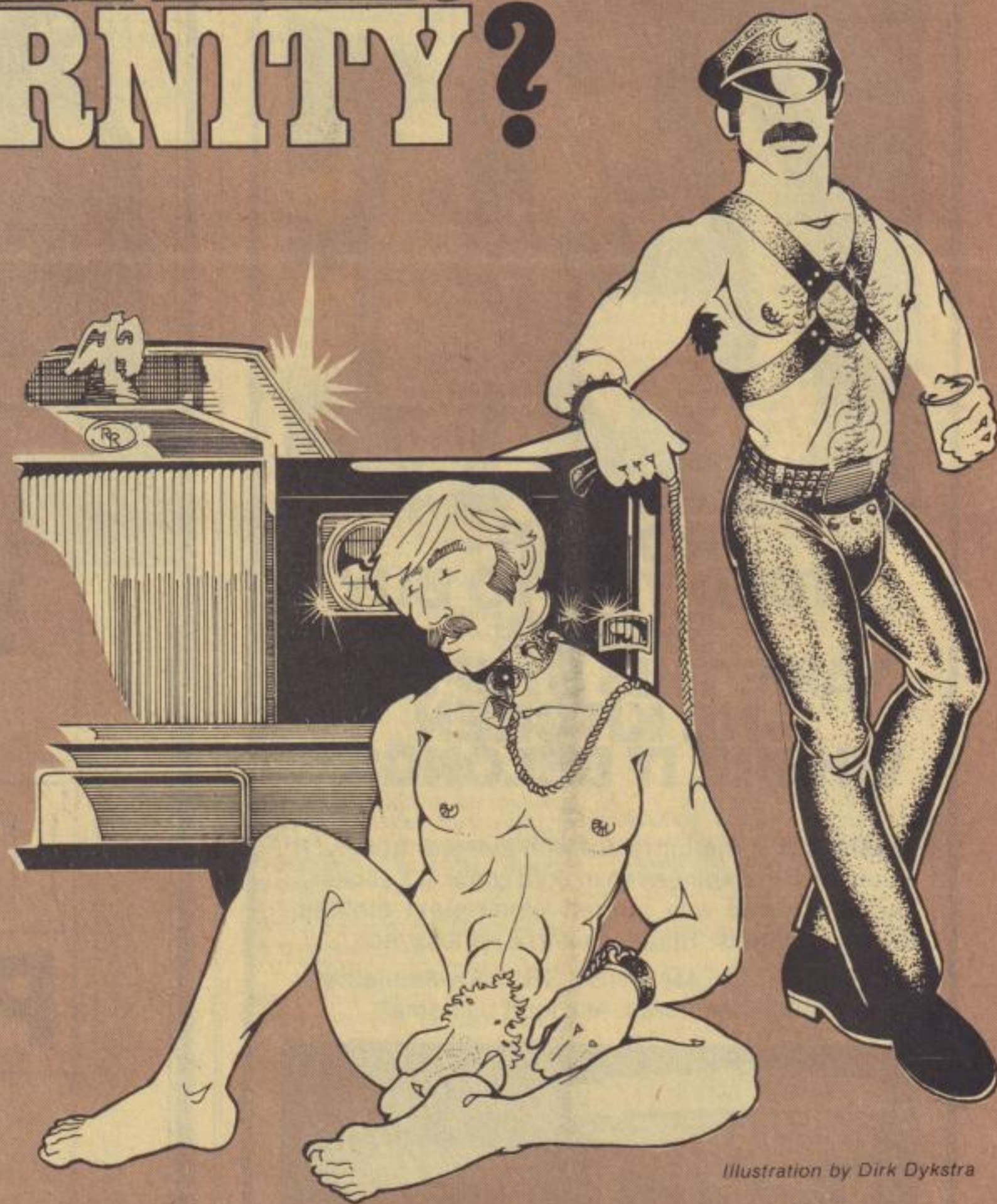


Illustration by Dirk Dykstra



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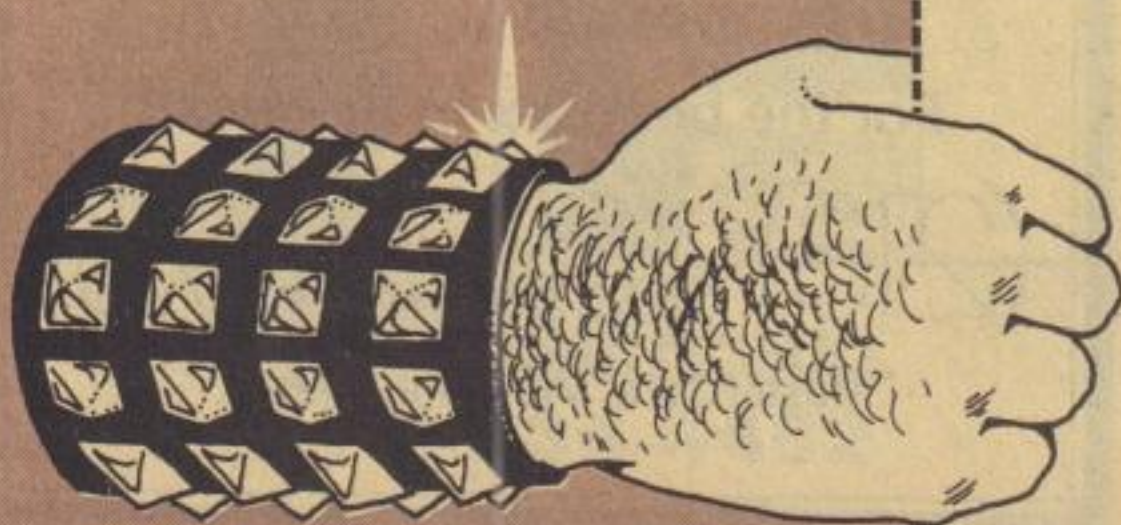
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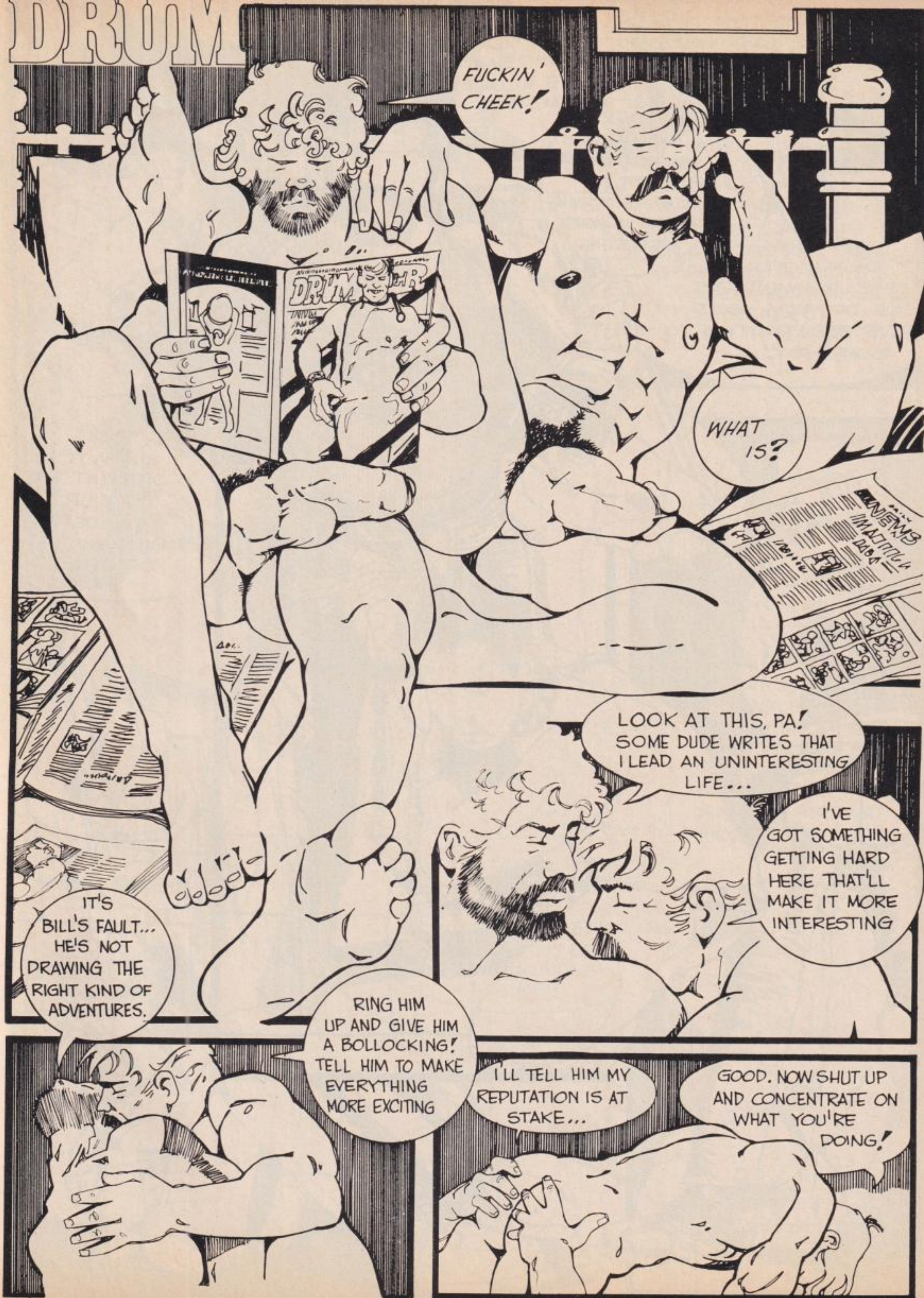
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I'VE  
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GETTING HARD  
HERE THAT'LL  
MAKE IT MORE  
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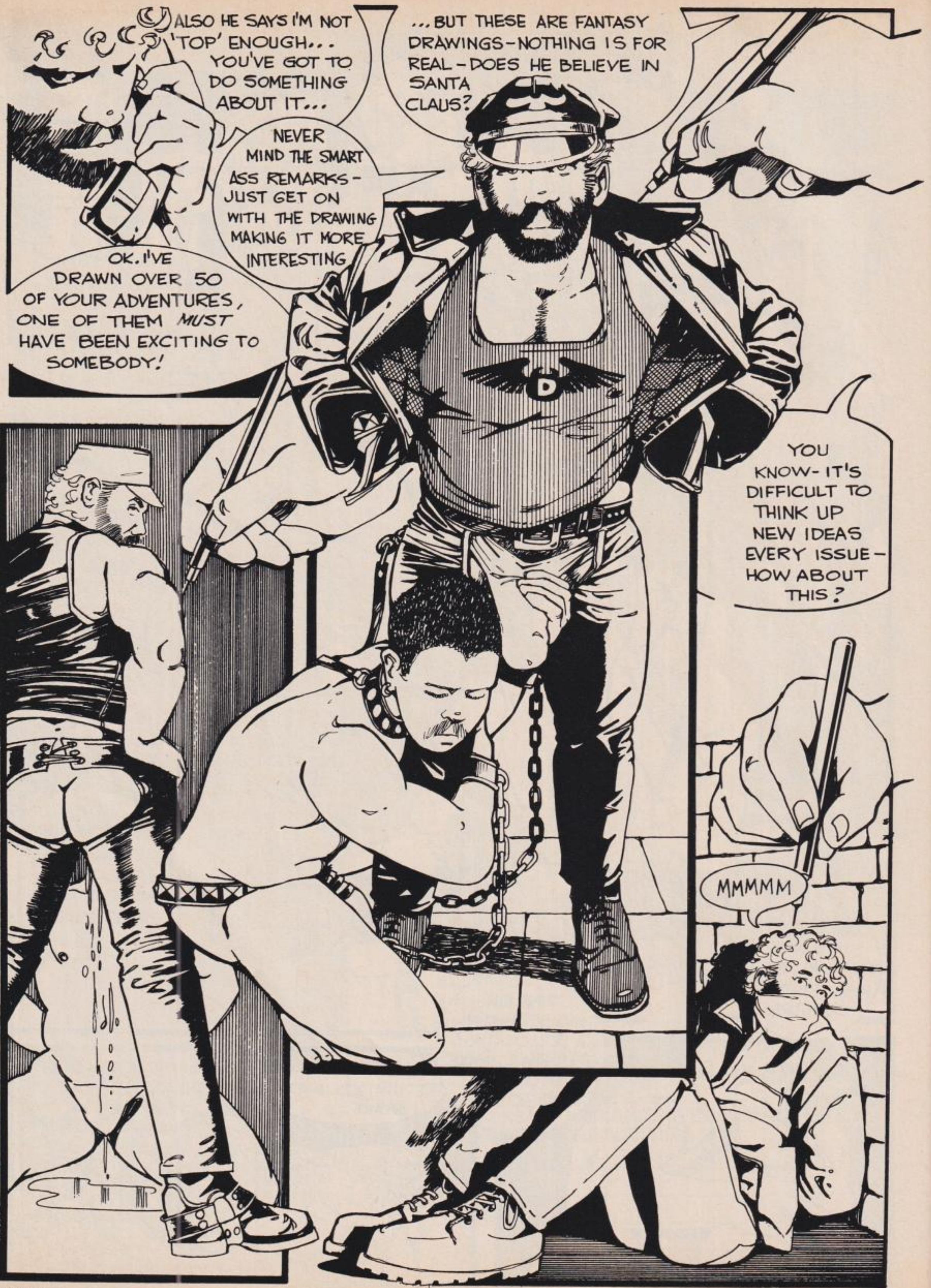
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ADVENTURES.

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UP AND GIVE HIM  
A BOLLOCKING!  
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AND CONCENTRATE ON  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING!





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'TOP' ENOUGH...  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT...

...BUT THESE ARE FANTASY  
DRAWINGS-NOTHING IS FOR  
REAL-DOES HE BELIEVE IN  
SANTA  
CLAUS?


NEVER  
MIND THE SMART  
ASS REMARKS-  
JUST GET ON  
WITH THE DRAWING  
MAKING IT MORE  
INTERESTING

OK.I'VE  
DRAWN OVER 50  
OF YOUR ADVENTURES,  
ONE OF THEM *MUST*  
HAVE BEEN EXCITING TO  
SOMEBODY!

YOU  
KNOW-IT'S  
DIFFICULT TO  
THINK UP  
NEW IDEAS  
EVERY ISSUE-  
HOW ABOUT  
THIS?

MMMMM





OR THIS?

STOP!  
I'VE GOT  
TO BE 'TOP'  
IN THESE  
SITUATIONS!

OH, WHY? DOES  
BEING A 'BOTTOM'  
MAKE YOU ANY LESS  
OF A MAN?

THE  
WRITER DIDN'T  
SAY... COME TO THINK,  
HE DIDN'T SPECIFY  
WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS  
EXCITING... PERHAPS  
YOU ARE OVER REACTING  
... BEING TOO SENSITIVE  
TO HIS REMARKS!  
NOW GET ME OUT  
OF THIS!!

HEY!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING? BILL!  
STOP...  
HELP!

I'LL LEAVE YOU UNTIL THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF DRUMMER -  
PERHAPS HE WILL FIND THIS  
EXCITING. MEANWHILE I'M GOING  
TO LIE DOWN - IT'S BEEN  
FAR TOO EXHAUSTING  
FOR ME!

I SUPPOSE  
I KNEW  
THAT YOU CANNOT  
PLEASE EVERYBODY  
ALL OF THE TIME -  
AND THERE MUST BE  
SOMEONE OUT THERE  
WHO ACCEPTS THESE  
DRAWINGS FOR WHAT  
THEY ARE AND NOTHING  
MORE,



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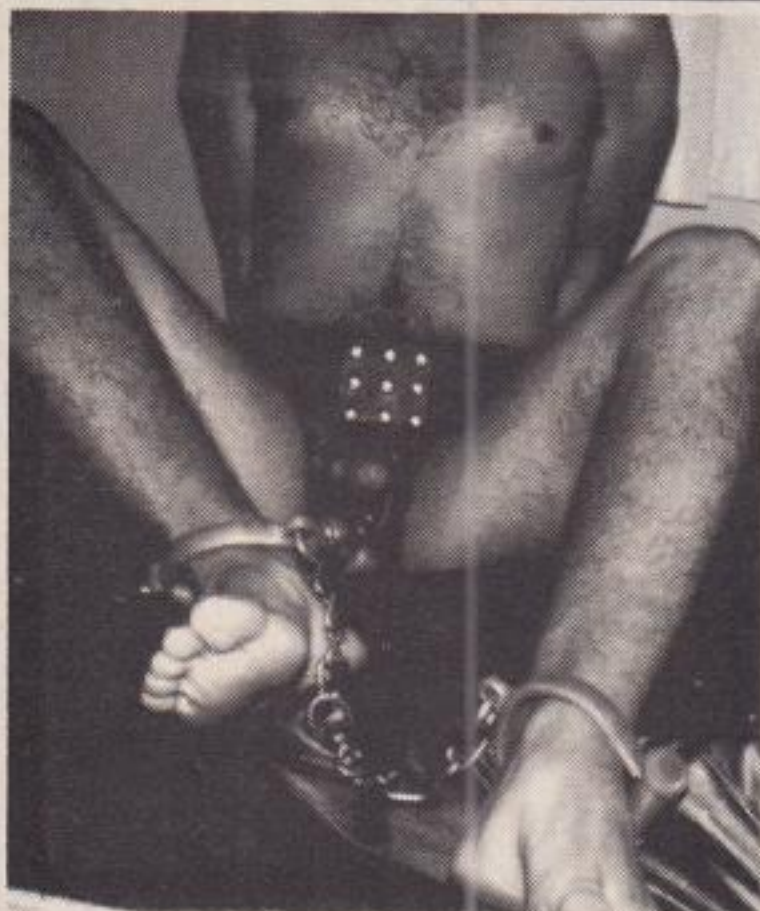
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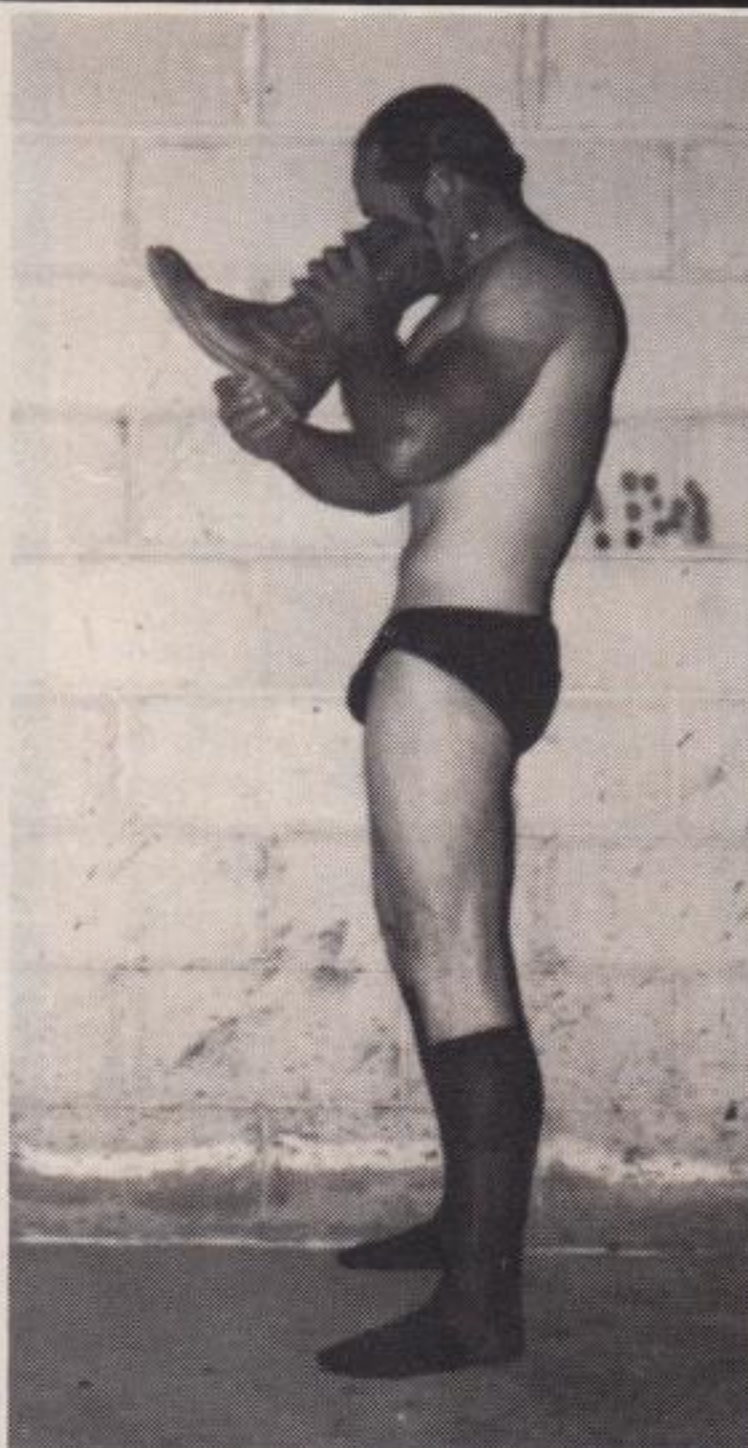


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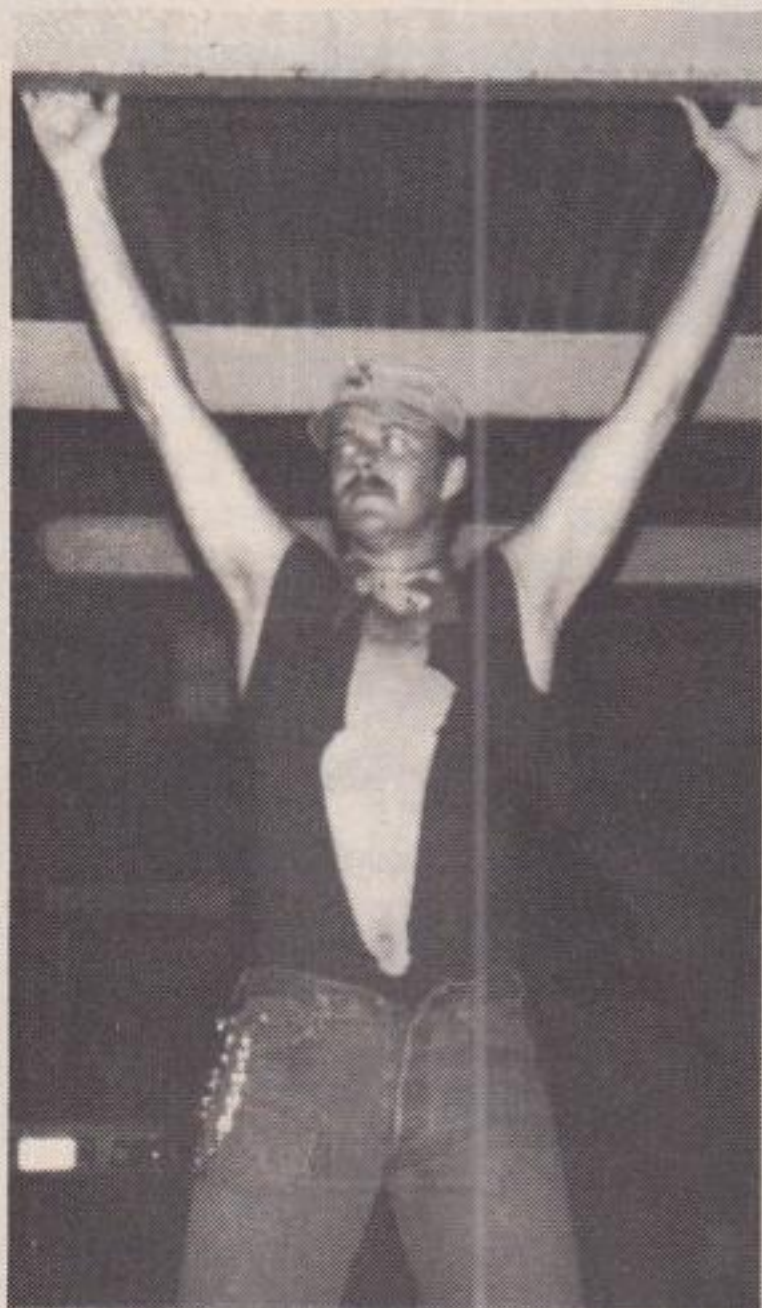
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A 33-year-old unruly son, 6'2", 175 lbs., never had a daddy to teach him proper behavior. He gets into bad habits like letting guys shove their fists up his ass, piss in his mouth, and shave his crotch. A daddy could straighten him out. Terry, 3527 Oaklawn No. 143, Dallas, TX 75219. And, if the right daddy came along, he could relocate.

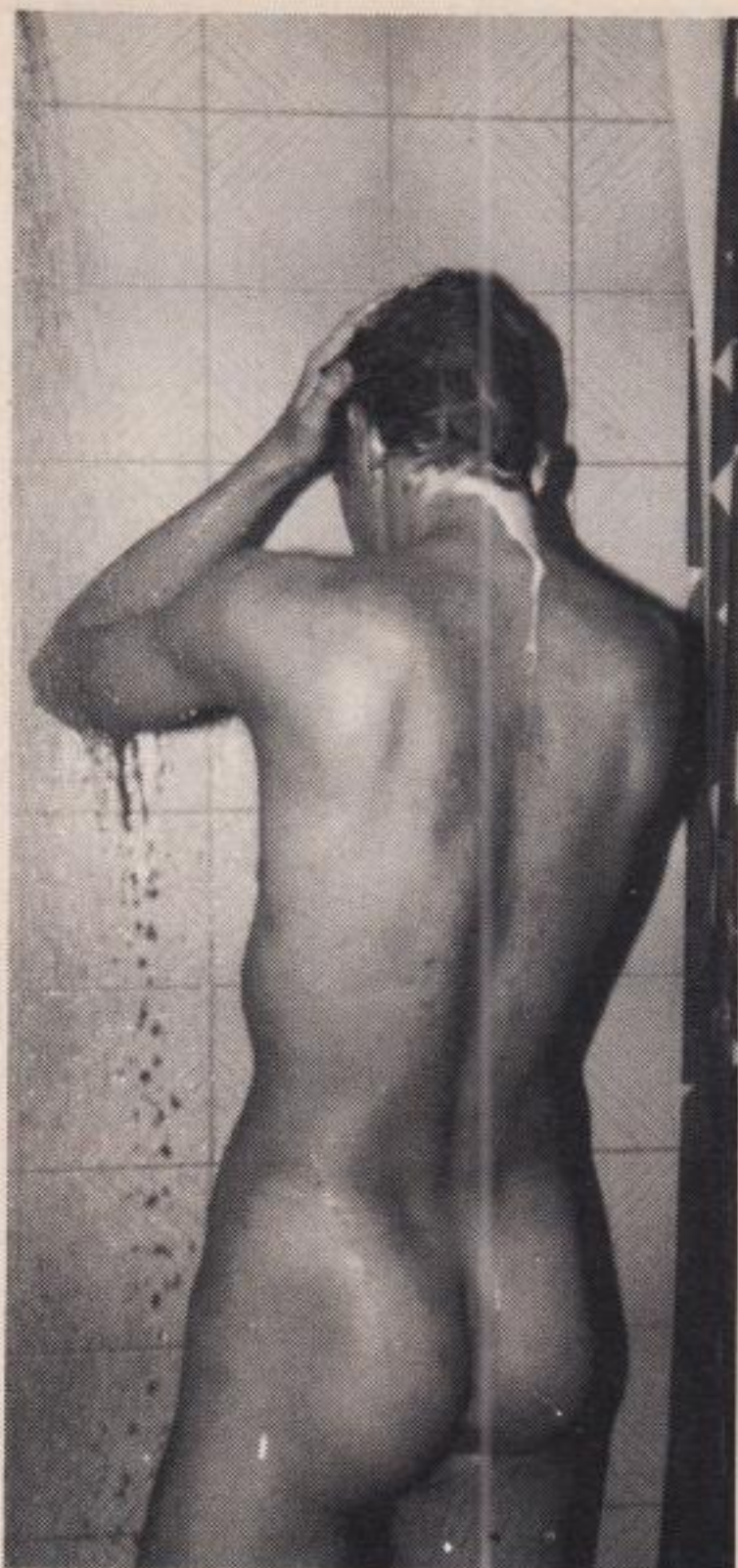
DRUMMER 7d



## BEACH BULLY

Uncut. The beach and the bully are in Florida. TC 6008.





#### FINCAKES

The Finns make great bottoms. This Tough Customer from Finland wants to offer his to tough cops who get off giving orders and getting results. Want to visit the land of a thousand... lakes? TC 6011.



#### SON NEEDS RUBBER PANTS

Active/passive son wants to smell the shit on daddy's boots, be forced to wear dirty diapers, play with toys, squirm in rubber and leather, and be rewarded with daddy's piss. This son can relocate. TC 6009.



#### BIKE COP

This German-American is into meeting other biker cops and guys who can get off

on the uniform. He stands 5'6" and has black hair and blue eyes. TC 6005.



#### HOSE AVAILABLE

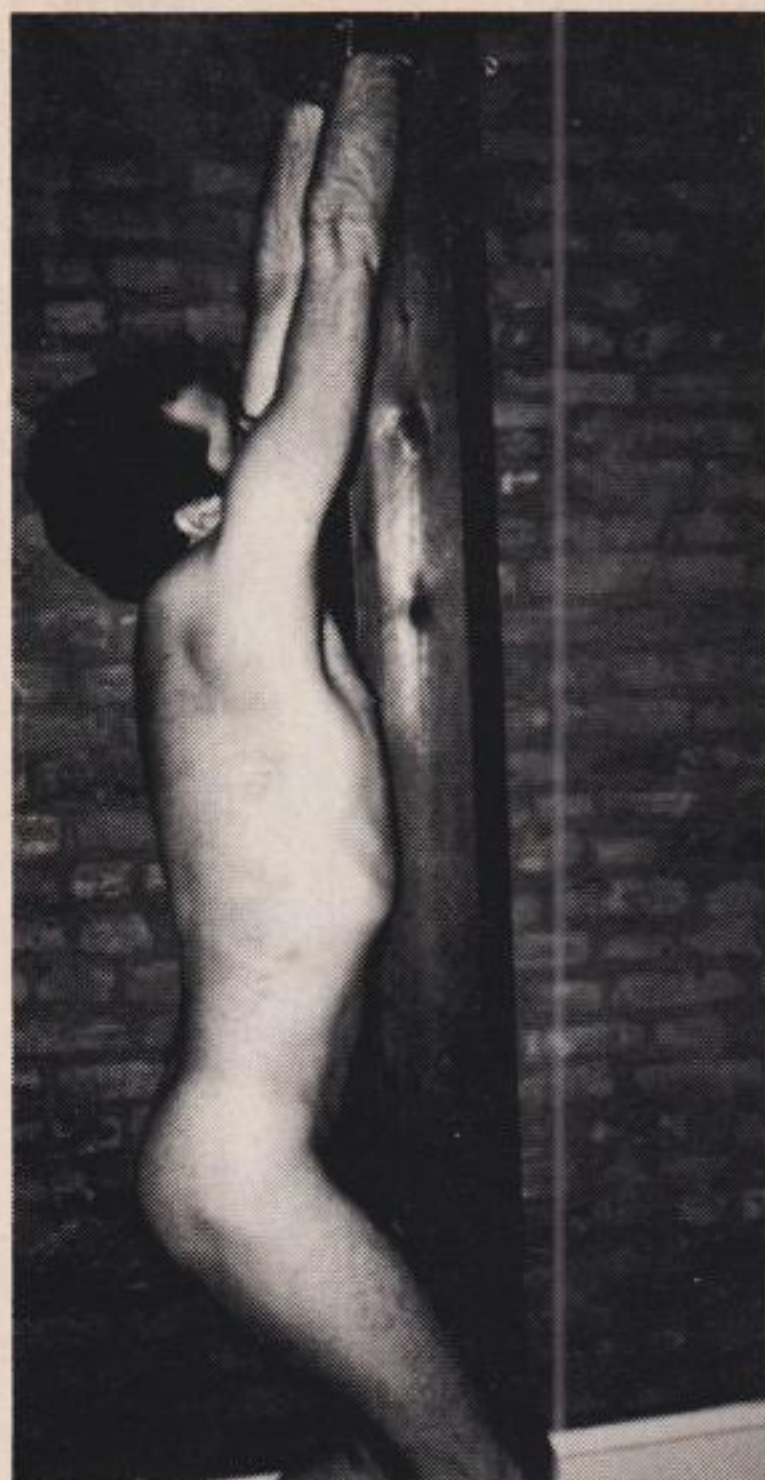
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#### POOL PUNK

When he's not cleaning the pool, this foul-mouthed tough stud likes to find himself getting paddled over the knees by an equally abusive bastard. TC 6003.



#### GREASED PIG

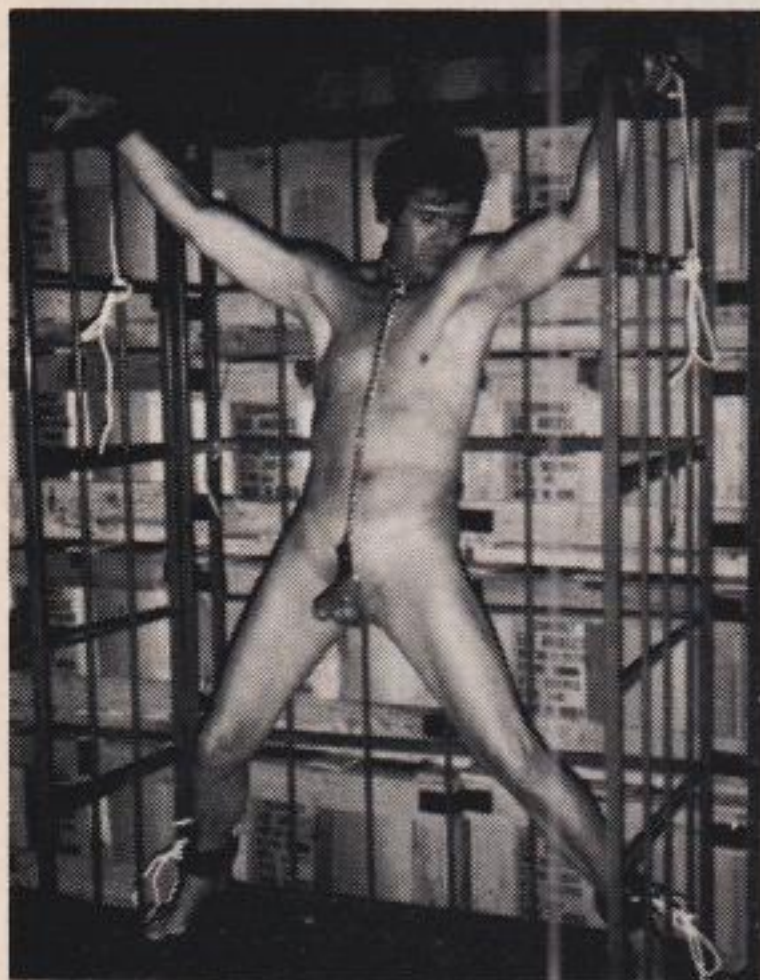
English axle-grease bondage devotee invites American and worldwide studs with same interests to make contact. TC 6006.



#### O.R. TECH/ENGLAND

This bound and gagged 28-year-old Englishman is looking for a doctor or operating room tech to help him further his

medical experiments and studies. And he'll travel anywhere for a good whipping. TC 6013.



#### UNFULFILLED BOTTOM

Slave Danny either can't get enough punishment, or can't find a man who is man enough to fill him up for once and for all. If this shaved, worthless, open-assed, open-mouthed piece of meat looks like something you'd like to work over, drop him a line (or a chain, or a belt). TC 6004.



# DRUMMEDIA

## VIDEO

### GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME

Comparing the first and most current release from Close Up Productions is a good lesson in how a new company can advance given some determination and hard work—not to mention a basic skill for what is actually being done. *Tightropes at the Officers' Club* and *Shooters* are, respectively, the examples in question; and while even *Tightropes*, for all its flaws, has a lot going for it, the advance stage of expertise by the time *Shooters* came out was nothing if not admirable.

But first things first; *Tightropes* has all the potential in the world: three very sexy, well-built, talented, very well-hung stars in a perfect setting and every opportunity to create visually awesome sexual situations. Rodney James (tall, muscular, masculine and hung) is the opening bartender on the daytime shift at The Officers' Club. While he's alone in the bar setting up for the day's traffic, a truck-driver comes in, Ryder (butch, blond, beefy, and the biggest uncut dick this side of John Holmes), looking for 1) a beer, 2) some action, or 3) a little of both. Although he's already stopped to take an outdoor piss before coming in, he doesn't hesitate to trot off to the john after his first beer and flash his meat to the bartender, who hasn't hesitated to follow him into the can. The conversation between these two men, before either of them reaches for the other, is pure sizzle: guttural, authentic, and to the point. While Rodney James has equipment that would have a lot of men on their knees in no time—when he gets a look at Ryder's meat, it's a foregone conclusion who's going to service whom.

*Tightropes at the Officers' Club*; Close Up Productions, 1983; 60 minutes; \$79.95 (\$2 postage/handling), VHS/Beta;

*Shooters*; Close Up Productions, 1983; 80 minutes; \$89.00 (\$2 postage/handling), VHS/Beta; Close Up Productions, Box 205, N. Hollywood, CA 91603.

But Rodney also has something else in mind. He coaxes Ryder back into the bar and ties him to a stack of beer cases. It's not much of a protest Ryder puts up, to be sure. There's a little ass whipping, but not much; Rodney is going to eat Ryder's dick, come hell or high water, and that's where this action goes, no matter where it looks like it *might* be going.

Ryder 'remembers' the previous night, which he has spent with another hunk, J.W. King. That's a good way to insert flashback action from outside this temporarily-closed beer bar. But what happens between King (again: tall, muscular, hot, hung) and Ryder isn't much different from what's going on between Rodney and Ryder—King may play at being a sadistic Master, but every chance

he gets, he's got Ryder's cock shoved down his throat. You can't blame him.

Back and forth, the action cuts between the latest position Rodney gets Ryder into and the latest twist between King and Ryder, including a scene where King sucks off Ryder while wearing a ski mask. The major flaw in the action is that Ryder, in both cases, should have been the top. I don't know if Rodney James or J.W. King could have handled *him*, but there is no doubt that he could have dominated them even better with his hands *untied*.

*Tightropes* is basic bondage and sucking—the guys are hot; the idea was good; Ryder is strictly the stuff of legends.

When Close Up made *Shooters* (a much different kettle of beef), they had mastered the technical problems that arose in *Tightropes* and engineered a story line that holds together well for its intentions.

Michael Braun owns a large house in an exclusively gay neighborhood and he rents out rooms to the right stuff. He takes you on a guided tour, in *Shooters*, of his house, his tenants, his tricks, and his neighbors. That allows *Shooters* to show you a wide variety of types, locations, and action; all of which is strictly vanilla sex.

*Shooters* has a fairly large cast—seven attractive and different young men; from the hairy-chested Michael to a hairless blond bodybuilder named Lee Stern with big balls and an uncut tool.

Michael Braun talks directly to the viewer as he locates and describes each of the men you watch either beating off or getting it on with someone else. Sometimes Michael joins in, sometimes he just watches from his particular vantage point, sometimes he beats off while he (and you) and watching.

Dusty Sands soaks in an outdoor hot tub, gets a hard-on, starts stroking his meat, and gets joined by Michael. Robbie Benton (a real Robby Benson lookalike) strokes his dick while sunbathing in a

lawn chair and talks dirty on the telephone to Tony Michaels, who is in bed beating off somewhere else. Damon Douglas, who lives next door, shows off his dick while Michael watches from one knothole and Robbie watches from another. Robbie and Tony get together later on. Steve Collins, one of the tenants, beats off on his bed with the drapes open while Michael Braun rubs his cock against the window from outside. Lee Stern, who is supposed to be painting the house, sprawls out on the steps and unleashes his long rod while Michael watches from a balcony, his own dick throbbing under his hand's guidance. That sort of variety. There's more; other combinations and situations. In fact, *Shooters* is wall-to-wall sex; Michael Braun introduces each new character or combination with a minimum of well-written, well-performed narration.

If you like a variety of action and types, then *Shooters* has it, plus good sound, good locations, good camera work, and multiple orgasms.

### GET THOSE BUNS IN SHAPE!

I dare you to put *Muscle Motion* on your video recorder and 1) be able to watch it all the way through the first time, or 2) do the exercises along with the Chippendale men without completely collapsing of exhaustion and/or orgasm during the first 15 minutes. The eight men on this exceptional aerobic exercise cassette are, each and every one, superb specimens. And the exercises, while serious workouts for various body parts as well as overall good body tone, are scant inches away from downright lascivious. In fact, if you don't get an erection from watching some of these pulsating, gyrating torsos—you're probably already dead.

But sex appeal aside, these men from the legendary Los Angeles nightclub that caters only to women are *Wonderkind* workhorses. Different combinations of



—from *Tightrope at the Officers' Club*



them create visually stunning tableaux as they put their already-perfect bodies through the paces. Other times a solo figure demonstrates a warm-up, a build-up, or a breathtakingly awesome physical routine against well-designed background music and a clean, seamless studio setting.

*Muscle Motion*, Media Home Entertainment; 1983; 92 minutes; \$39.95; Beta/VHS.

The camera, beside showing off the various exercises to comprehensible advantage, lovingly caresses each muscle, line, and charm of each of the men, individually and in groups. A voice-over—coolly seductive—tells them what to do, how to do it, and comments when each man builds up a sweat. Not only do you get a great set of exercises for your body, a visual feast for your eyes, a stirring in your crotch—but you feel, after an hour and a half, like you've been working out with real, breathing, sweating muscle machines, not nameless robots.

Nick De Noia, who directed *Muscle Motion*, says he intended it to be "the second best exercise in the world." He overachieved.

You can view this cassette two ways: as the finest body-temperature raiser since the invention of the Franklin Stove, or as the premiere aerobics exercise cassette on the market. Either way, you're not going to find anything that combines both so well.

## THE UNICORN IN AMERICA

Peter Berlin's debut in porn, *Nights in Black Leather*, is a much gentler film than its title implies. True, leather holds a certain fascination for Peter—but it is in a fetishistic realm; separated from SM (as it often is) by attitude. And to fathom Peter

Berlin's fetish for leather, you have to start with the man himself. German-born of upper-class parents (or so the legend goes), he came to America for sexual and artistic freedom in the late 1960s. He was very young and very beautiful, his body sculpted by exercise and attention to detail. He became famous in the Warholish instant-celebrity sense on Polk Street in San Francisco, a regarded character dressed in form-fitting leather clothes of his own design, each piece engineered to show off his attributes. To the immediate public around him, he appeared as either a demi-god or a very strange young man. Peter Berlin was, and is, one of those people whose profession was to be observed. This whole mythological attitude—like Marsha Mason's beautiful 'best friend' in *Only When I Laugh*—of existence as a living statement of art is either rare and exciting or extremely dull, depending on the particular perspective of the observer. Regardless, Peter Berlin is unmistakably beautiful.

*Nights in Black Leather*, which was originally released as a theatrical film in 1972, was decades ahead of its time. And it had an undeniable influence on a whole genre of porn films: it was the first 'art' gay porn work and received mainstream attention and praise for its excellent and provocative cinematography—Ignatio Rutkowski's camera work always on-target, very often breathtaking. It treated its narrative line seriously: a young German visitor to California recalling his sexual awakenings and adventures while he writes letters to his friends back home. And it tried to infuse into the sex scenes the same rhythm and style that the film developed for its narrative line.

Peter Berlin is acquired taste. Not eve-

ryone delights to nymphet males romping through the woods, playing at being a 'Master,' strutting the streets in search of a new experience. But for those who do Peter knows just what he's about. He is a consummate exhibitionist: he knows every camera angle, every gesture that will maintain and intensify the mythology he is creating. Seldom will you find a visual flaw in this 105 minutes. In fact, the sex scenes themselves are (with one possible exception) so remarkably well-conceived and executed that if they were lifted from *Nights in Black Leather* and viewed out of context on their own as individual pieces, they would stand up to most of the 1983 work of a similar nature, and, in quite a few cases, emerge head and shoulders above. That's the one factor that has kept *Nights in Black Leather* from showing very much of its age. (Peter hasn't aged an iota since 1972, rest assured).

*Nights in Black Leather* by Ignatio Rutkowski; VCA; 105 minutes; \$69.00 plus \$4 postage/handling; VHS/Beta; Video Company of America, 2051 Pontius Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90025. Catalog \$3. Signed statement required.

Forget about the leather aspect of *Nights in Black Leather*; look at it from other directions (after all, it's only the title) and you'll find remarkable things: a phone jack-off sequence that comes off suspiciously like the current phenomenon; a ballet-like coupling in the woods and in a house with plastic walls, and an awesome three-way—the real SM part of the story—set to Indian music that just may stop your heart.

*Nights in Black Leather* manages to escape the time capsule of 1972 quite well; in the history of gay porn it is a key title. The video transfer is excellent.

—John W. Rowberry



—from *Muscle Motion with the Chippendale Dancers*



# DRUMMEDIA

## MOVIES

### SOFT CREDIT, HARD LOVE

As the Three Stooges put it: "Slowly I turn, step by step..."—fair and generous warning of an impending attack. Rainer Werner Fassbinder's filmmaking assaults on a criminal society that spawns and rears its own victims set off the same alarms, but leave the audience a sometimes dubious pleasure of poking its own eyes out.

*I Only Want You to Love Me* (*Ich will doch nur, dass Ihr mich liebt*), made in 1976, does a slow turn on an ordinary situation drama, observing the background of a man who has done murder. Peter (Vitus Zeplichal) is a young, peaceable, personable newly-married workingman, who buys hopefully into the easy credit system. Unable to distinguish between love and money, he becomes enmeshed in impossible debt, compounded with shame and guilt whose origins are lost to him. When he lashes out finally and kills, it is the first simple, positive act of his life. The story emerges step by step in flashback narrative triggered by his interviewer, a real-life feature reporter.

The title would present a much different meaning without the word 'only' that

makes it a bewildered plea. Peter draws love from all sides. His childhood sweetheart wife Erika dotes on him; her grandmother cherishes his company; the foreman sings his praises; the boss gives him appreciation, respect and encouragement; casual acquaintances become fond of him; and even the bank's credit manager sees to sympathetic extensions. All forms of love are laid on Peter, the stocky towheaded Bavarian boy of German fairy tale grown up—now beersoft under the bricklayer's build, seemingly levelheaded, warmhearted and engagingly shy...someone worth a generous slice of life's pie.

But the small boy Peter was taught a cold algebra by his parents in which love never equaled itself, always factored out into some unknown quantity.

In an unintentionally comic scene of clinical brutality his mother, a frigid bundle of neuroses, flips into a Mommie-Dearest mode, wielding a wooden hanger viciously on young Peter's backside when he 'stole' flowers from a neighbor's garden to give to her. His father (Alexander Allerson) is present, but amorphous, wrapped up in his petty ambitions, declaring his son a failure even as the boy proves to everyone else he is a success. Between Peter's parents there is a connection, if only a mutual drive for status, respectability and cruel games.

He gives what he has to them...and the melodramatic title card reads: "Two

weeks after their house was finished his parents seemed to have forgotten he had built it." The extravagant gift gone unrewarded, unacknowledged, with no invitation forthcoming for the new couple in the new home, Peter's news that he is moving to Munich is greeted with the first delighted response he has ever gotten from his parents. From then on, Peter's isolation, inevitability and sheer waste of emotion leading to an act of seeming random violence is almost intolerable.

The underlying pessimism is relieved, as usual with Fassbinder, by a heady sense of theatre and crystalized moments of memorable beauty. Two scenes stand out, visual and inarticulate, soaring far beyond this tale of bourgeois attitudes and not uncommon tragedy. Like the *mie* in Kabuki drama, they are poses struck and held as stylized peaks of emotion—the essence of character and situation, almost irrelevant to the plot. Peter and Erika undress facing each other—she in the foreground, he reflected in the mirror—so that they both appear to be looking with intense longing, not at one another, but into middle distance. She is there voluntarily, untrammelled, free to go, free to love. He is trapped in the mirror, with no distortion or refracted glare to mar the perfection of his imprisonment; he moves naked and silent behind the transparent, impervious facade.

The other prolonged snapshot is of the construction foreman (Armin Meier), a dark, brooding leather-jacketed hunk of a laborer who stares holes through Peter, watching from a distance with a liquid, embracing eye while Peter goes about his job or, more tellingly, while he is at rest. The homoerotic attraction is palpable without a word or further physical approach—just one more form of love Peter is receiving without unscrambling the signal.

The programmatic title occurs twice during the film: first when Peter kneels and embraces his pregnant wife, answering her reproaches for the debts and unnecessary gifts; and then in the last frame of the film on a title card, responding indirectly to the interviewer's last question: "Are you glad to be alive?" This time it is in the plural, as the final statement: We Only Want You to Love Us.

The year 1976 was the midpoint in Fassbinder's blazing career, already out of the theatrical underground into the realm of popular television, a TV upgraded to compete with the deluge of American films. Nearly all of the cast and crew made the transition to turn up again and again in the credits. Meier, for one, is the dedicatee of 1975's gay-controversial *Fox and His Friends* ("For Armin and all the others"), the filmmaker's lover and a regular supporting player for the four years before his suicide in 1978. Already familiar too, are Kurt Raab's staunchly bourgeois/formica set design, Peer Raben's neo-Gasthaus, suspiciously romantic





music and—above all—Michal Ballhaus' photography. The camerawork, even in low-budget 16mm, is unafraid to focus sharply on a patch of wallpaper, to capture kitsch, or cut off a head and replace it with a bulbous lampshade in a biting cartoon, or jerk a soft-focus tear, telescope a cliché from a Hollywood gangster movie, or stretch a moment of quiet to nervous length.

"I only want you to love me" could be the title of Fassbinder's autobiography, except that, like everything he did, it is far larger than the sum of its parts. "I never try to reproduce reality in a film," he said in a 1975 Cannes interview. "My goal is to reveal such mechanisms in a way that makes people realize the necessity of changing their own reality." Beyond the surface of a self-indulgent 'poor little blue-collar blue-boy' story, this is a perpetration of direct emotional/political

blackmail—see me, love me, identify with me, pity me if you dare... then go ahead and alter the causes or be prepared to deal with the effects. Is that too much to ask?  
—Penni Kimmel

## STAYING ALIVE/DROPPING DEAD

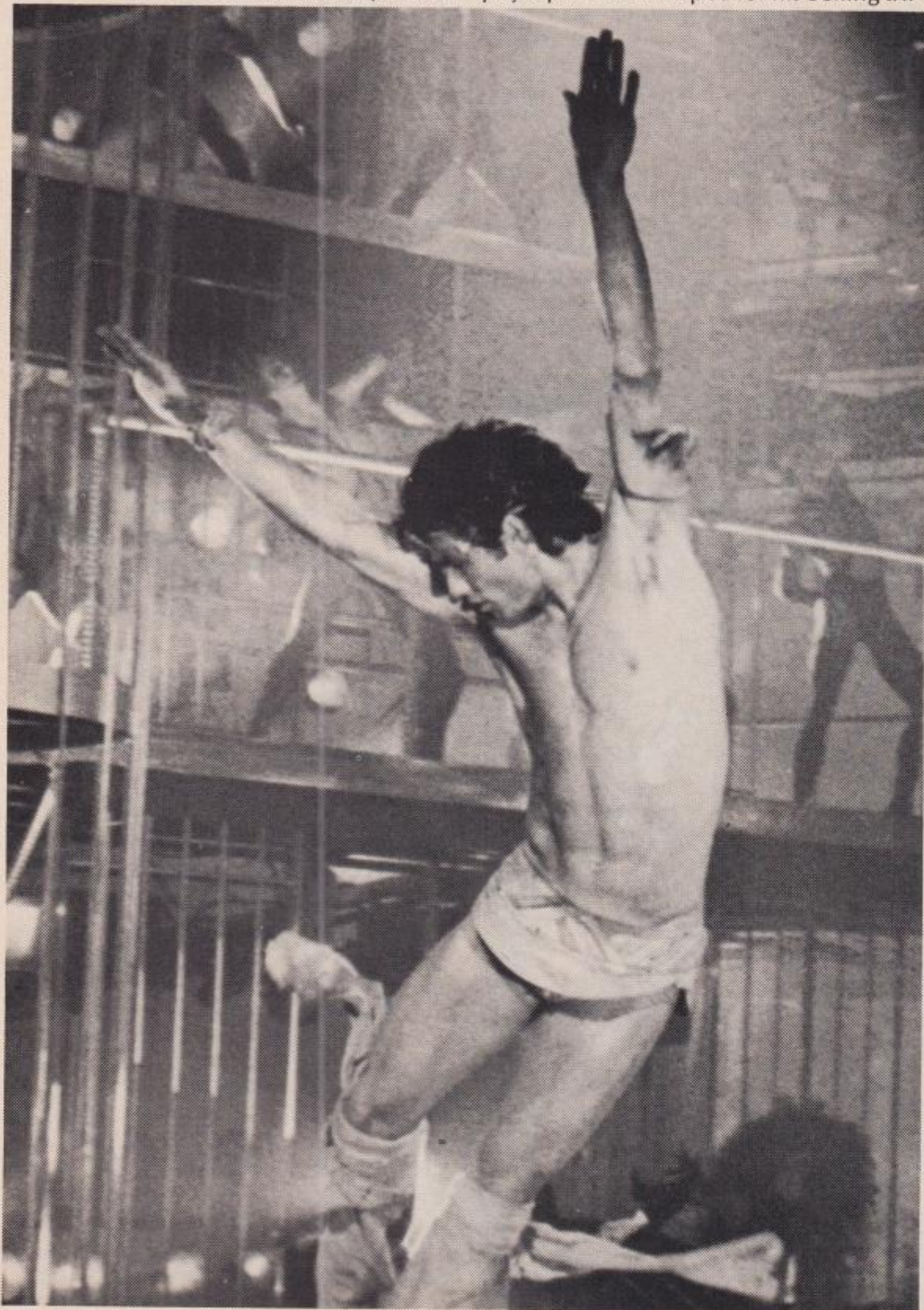
It took me a long time to forgive Sylvester Stallone for referring to me as a 'fag' when someone first attempted to introduce me to him a few years ago before Rocky fame, when he and I were almost unknowns living in Los Angeles. It took a long time, because that's such a personal affront intended to cause emotional harm, because the exciting actor from *The Lords of Flatbush* had some homophobic chip on his shoulder that he couldn't shake. It's not like I was trying to come on to the guy—back in those days Stallone didn't have the tight, chiseled physique he developed for his boxing tril-

ogy; he was a good actor, unknown, obviously intended for better. I was an unknown writer. The mutual friend who tried to introduce us was a locally-known nightclub singer. And while I've had this personal dislike for Stallone for many years, after *Rocky* I tried to stay objective about his work. Obviously he had enormous talent. By the time of *Rocky III*, one of the finest films about boxing, I was completely reversed in even my personal opinion. It looked like raw, defensive arrogance had grown up and become a more sophisticated, humane force in films. I even enjoyed crap like *Victory* and semi-trash like *Paradise Alley* and *Nighthawks* and *First Blood*, because Stallone has brought an excitement and an intense screen presence to his work. I was excited about his expansion into directing for *Staying Alive*; I wanted to see Stallone take on such a difficult chore as a sequel to an already-legendary film, take on a musical, deal with dancers and actors like John Travolta and Cynthia Rhodes, who had their own built-in charisma. And I had never really fallen for *Saturday Night Fever* in the first place; I was curious if Stallone could write a role for the Tony Manero character (Travolta) in which he would, at last, evolve past the one-dimensional cardboard image of the strutter.

I'm really sorry to say that *Staying Alive* is the worst piece of homophobic garbage since *Partners*. It isn't about dancers. It isn't about a Bay Ridge maverick who earns his name in lights on Broadway. It isn't about anything except arrogance and stupidity—and those traits are touted as attributes.

Just as a story about a guy who wants to be a dancer worse than anything (which he really doesn't), it has as many holes as a wheel of Swiss cheese. Get this: a new Broadway show is being cast. It's called *Satan's Alley*. It's sort of a *Pilgrim's Progress*-in-dance project. No book. No actors. Just dancers. It doesn't even have out-of-town tryouts. It does have some incredible visual effects that could not be duplicated on a real Broadway stage. But ignore all that for a minute; let's assume that at some point in time there will exist such theatre pieces using state-of-the-art hydraulic and electrical equipment—and that at some point in time backers will put up vast fortunes to stage avant garde works on a scale grander than the grandest opera without even a dress rehearsal. And we'll also assume that the public will watch two-plus hours of such a work with only two lead dancers (everyone else is part of the chorus line). At that point in time, the Equity laws will have been abolished, because the original lead dancer is told to take a hike a few days before opening night because the director and Tony want Tony to dance the lead role. In real life, or in this day and age, all of the dancers would be working under con-

(continued on page 88)





# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Come on guys, get on the schtick! Sure, summer's here, but I can't believe that everyone's packed his leather away.

A.I.D.S. is having a tremendous impact on the entire gay community, making guys reassess their values and their relationships with others. There's nothing wrong with that.

In my last column I touted the Chicago Hellfire Club's *Inferno* in September. I had a very good reason for doing so. The CHC is not essentially a sex club. It epitomizes a group of men who possess a dedication to the sadomasochistic ethos, men who continually grow in the conscious realization of their SM potential. On the whole, membership is not easy for an individual to acquire. So, as you can readily appreciate, the September meeting will bring together a worldwide group of the most proficient and devoted practitioners of this serious and arcane art.

A great deal of fanciful material has been written about SM and it should be left in its particular realm. Fiction is fiction, although it can give the reader a bit of reality; but it should not be read as gospel. It's jack-off literature pure and simple. There are stories which have a touch of realism and give you some worthwhile information, but you must have the insight to appreciate it.

The hallmark of SM is care and responsibility. The top or master must constantly be tuned into the bottom or slave. If the players are plugged into each other, the scene acquires an intensity which transcends the sexual. The exchange of psychic energy is incredible. Each man has his own part; each part serves to enhance

the total experience.

Men who are insecure in their own masculinity tend to denigrate the role of the bottom. Everyone wants to project the image of being a top. It is not a matter of which side you wear your keys on, but where your head and heart are. I have watched effective tops who have looked absolutely brilliant only because of the responses of the bottom.

Proficiency and growth in the SM art can be a very absorbing occupation. In its exercise, whether as a top or bottom, a man can discover facets of his being which he did not know really existed. It can take the practitioner to levels of self-awareness and fulfillment that he never really suspected.

Ignorance bespeaks a closed mind. Those who criticize the SM scene do so out of ignorance and an unwillingness to appreciate its many virtues. It is easier to carp against the unknown and label it 'sick' than to examine and weigh its potential and then, possibly, to reject it only because it does not suit one's needs.

The space this column allows me could never hope to give you an abridged introduction to SM, but I hope that for some of you it might have piqued your interest.

The gay community is in a real state of transition. Everyone is looking for an alternative to general promiscuity. The intelligent man who can look beyond the end of his cock should examine the SM scene. It could awaken the depths of one's mind and sensibility.

Don't forget to send me information of your coming attractions.

—Frank Hatfield

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION (from pg. 41)





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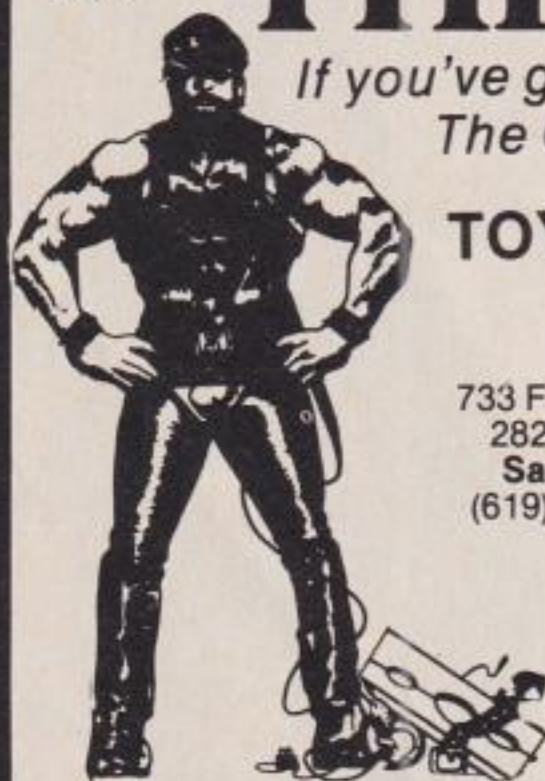
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# DRUMEDIA BOOKS

## STATE KILLERS

In September of 1976, during the Carter administration, Orlando Letelier, a former Chilean government minister who had been expelled from his country following the military coup, and two American citizens, a married couple, were assassinated when a bomb went off in Letelier's car on a Washington, DC street. Letelier's legs were actually blown off his body; the woman in the front seat next to him was crushed to death by the impact of the explosion; her husband, sitting in the back seat, was only half-killed and managed to survive. Terrorism on a new scale has come to the heart of the champion of democracy. An Assistant U.S. Attorney, Eugene M. Propper, was assigned to the case to ferret out the facts from the wreckage of the automobile and the bodies, to find the assassins, if possible, and to bring them to justice. It took five years. When the pieces of this strange and complex puzzle were all in place and the assassins had confessed, both the Chilean and parts of the U.S. government would be involved, as well as the highly-organized anti-Castro Cubans of Miami and elements of the U.S. State Department. And then something else happened almost as odious as the assassinations themselves. This awesome and chilling investigation into the death of Orlando Letelier has been reconstructed by Eugene M. Propper and Taylor Branch in *Labyrinth* (Penguin Books, 1983, trade paperback). Written with the riveting style of the finest espionage novel, laced with one incredible revelation after another about U.S. foreign policy, Branch and Propper's book is a relentless page-turner: frightening, unnerving, unpredictable, unforgettable.

## FORESKINS

It had to happen. Bud Berkeley, Joe Tiffenbach and the Uncircumcised Society of America got their files and heads together and produced *Foreskin*, the book about the subject of the same name, from the people who know the subject best.

*Foreskin* has everything: photos of the uncut as well as the cut, testimonials, true stories, circumcision data and fantasies, all wrapped around Berkeley's relentless "History of Foreskins" (part of which was serialized in *Drummer*).

Naturally, there is always something left out of any anthology—I found areas I wanted to see covered that weren't and I'm sure you will too; but still, there is more than enough here to meet the needs of guys fascinated and/or obsessed with lace curtains. And the publishers are already planning a *Foreskin II*.

Information on *Foreskin* is available from: Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

## FRIDAY

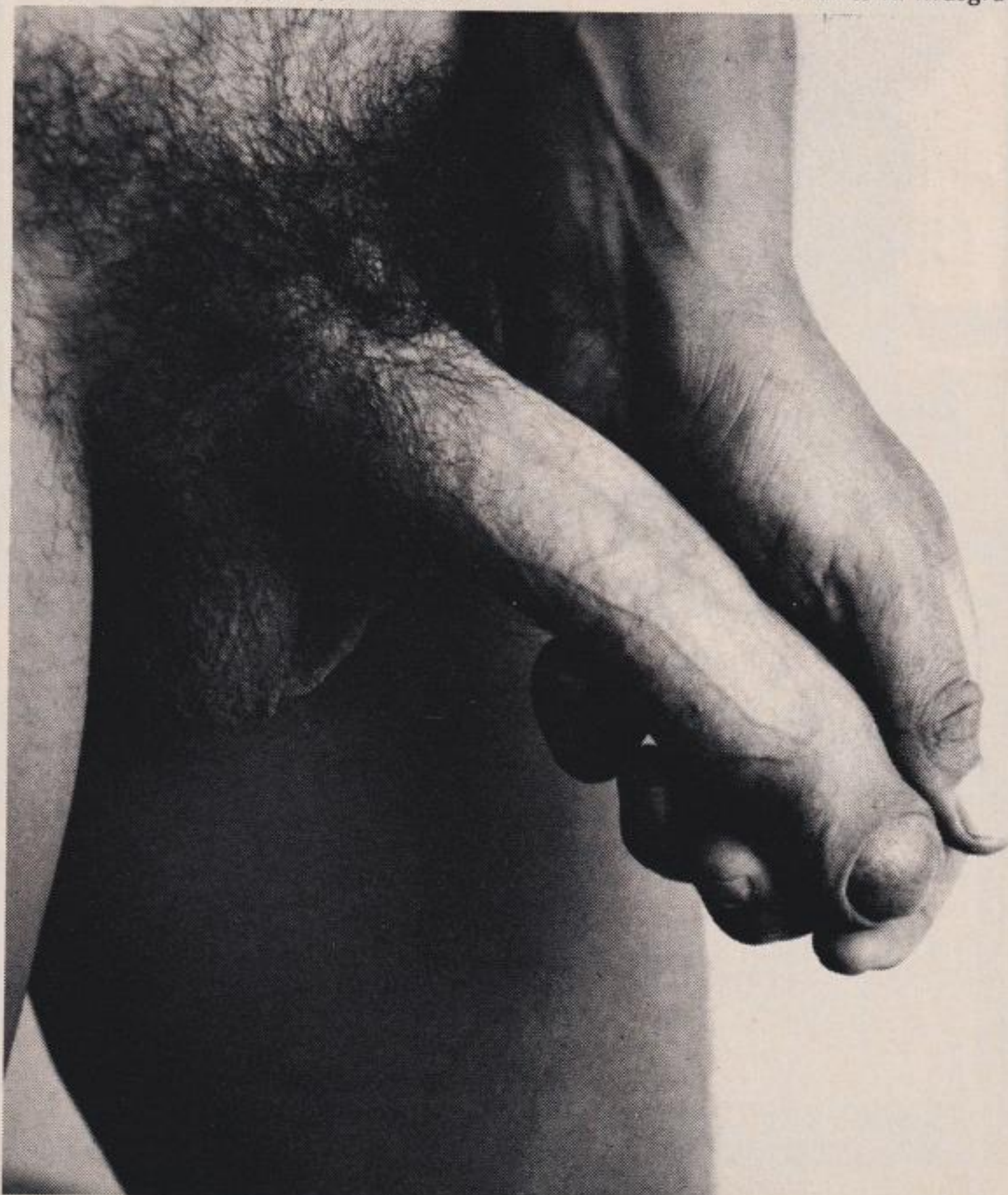
Robert A Heinlein does one thing better than any other science fiction writer, create new human beings. His *Stranger in a Strange Land* did not become a cult novel for nothing, and his latest creation, *Friday, an Artificial Person*, is even more awesome than Michael of *Stranger* fame. *Friday*, the novel, (Del Rey, paperback, 1983) is Heinlein at his finest: swift, sure, erotic, constantly changing. *Friday*, the character, an agent for an interplanetary organization, is a woman unlike any you've ever imagined. Under Heinlein's direction, *Friday* lives a life well beyond the pale, but as enchanting and slick as the hull of a star system cruiser. Definitely something to stay up all night about.

## GAY SCANDINAVIA

A fact-filled, well-mapped, heavily advertised new gay touring book for the Scandinavian countries (Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Iceland) in a compact 128-page format has been published by COQ, one of the biggest porn houses in

Denmark. Written in three languages (including English), the illustrated guidebook covers all the major cities of the five Scandinavian countries (Iceland is really an esoteric addition, since it is not usually included in Scandinavian tours), including commercial as well as political and social groups. Something useful about the local customs and laws of each country is included, as well as extremely useful phone numbers and service organizations. Besides the obvious bar-cath-cafe routine, *Gay Scandinavia* includes information on outdoor cruising, nude and gay beaches, special events, and the like. You can, from reading the entire guide, get a very good idea about best times to travel to the countries listed in accord with your own weather/activity preferences. The advertising—quite a bit—is a nice addition, giving you a good idea of how gays in Scandinavia cater to their own community. Although COQ is well-known for their hard core pornography, this guidebook has been kept soft to avoid customs problems. Information on *Gay Scandinavia* is available by writing: COQ, Postboks 30, DK-4300 Holbaek, Denmark.

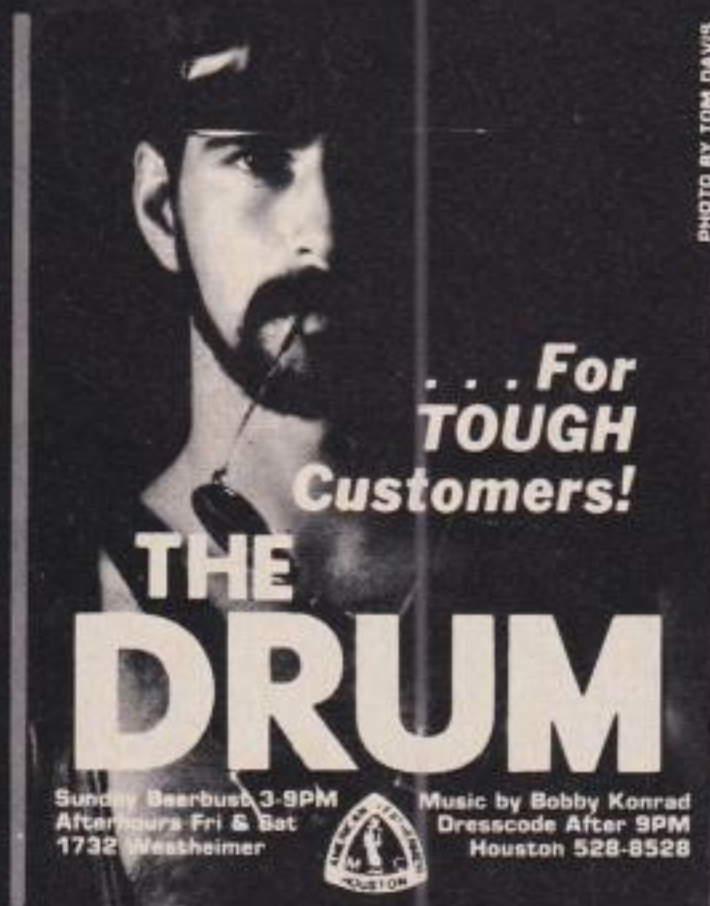
—Charles R. Musgrave



—from *Foreskin*/photo by Joe Tiffenbach



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Film (continued from page 84)

tracts; especially the lead dancers, which just don't cotton to "Take a walk, buddy" hiring and firing policies.

But no matter, Tony (Travolta) can't dance anyway, nor does he. What he does is a series of brilliantly executed leaps and landings, muscles tense—and revealed more than ever before—all created by the real choreographer of *Staying Alive*, the film editor. Not once do you see Tony execute a single combination of steps from start to finish, except during rehearsals, where mistakes are expected and delivered.

Of course, the show is a smash hit; mainly because Tony has broken 'script' and executed a self-inspired little routine in place of the prescribed footwork although he manages to reconnect it to the dance's grand finale. It must be okay with the director, because he *doesn't* have Tony assassinated from the wings. It sounds stupid, because it is stupid; but that's not my major gripe with Stallone, Travolta, and *Staying Alive*.

The dancer that Tony replaces is gay. It's made abundantly clear that he's gay—by Tony and by the director of the Broadway show. An aside: Tony also accuses his off-and-on girlfriend's new boyfriend of being gay—which he clearly isn't—but which only reinforces Tony's (and the scriptwriter's) homophobia. There is no background in the script for Tony to be personally anti-gay; no flaming queen director that tries to make him—nothing. This crap is coming from Stallone and co-writer Norman Wexler. And it is not only unnecessary, it carries a strange, perverted twist all its own: Tony, the heterosexual dancer, is better than the homosexual dancer he replaces. It's sort of like *Turning Point* gone vicious—it's okay to be a man and a dancer if you're straight and if you're straight you're automatically better.

Without its homophobia, this would have just been another mindless romp. The homophobia comes from the personal insecurity of Stallone, because obviously he can't equate male dancers with normal.... *Staying Alive* becomes a movie about a man shadow-boxing with his own ignorance.

I think we've put up with this mealy-mouth stupidity from the chairmen of what is acceptable for long enough. It's time we called shit shit and not excused it as shinola. I'd be the first person to uphold anyone's right to make a movie about anything he wants and equally the first to advise not contributing to it by giving them your money in order that they might better spit in your face. Leave *Staying Alive* to the walking dead for which it was intended. While I wish the best possible future for Stallone and Travolta, I promise not to write one word or spend one minute of my energy on either of them again.

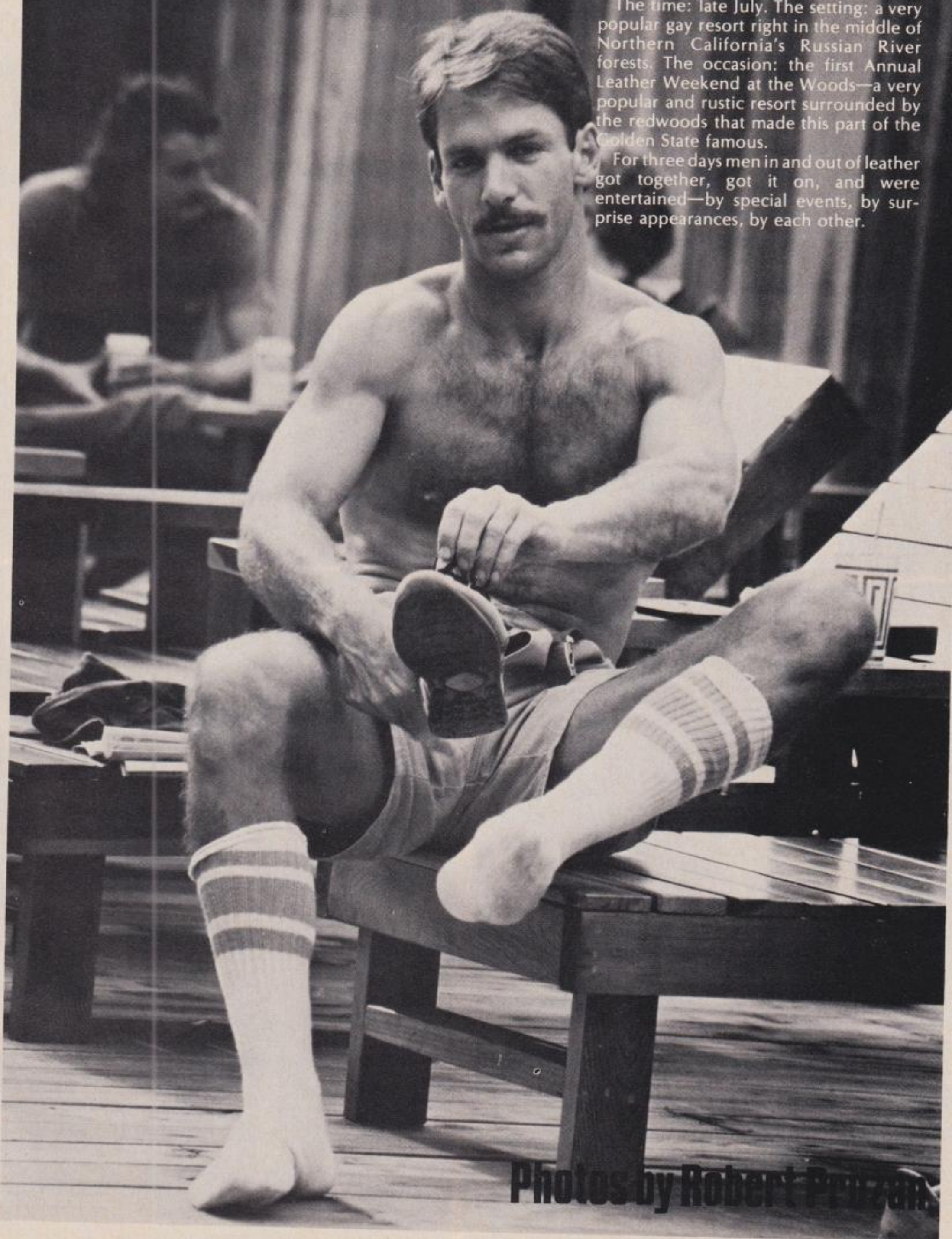
—John W. Rowberry



# LEATHER IN THE WOODS

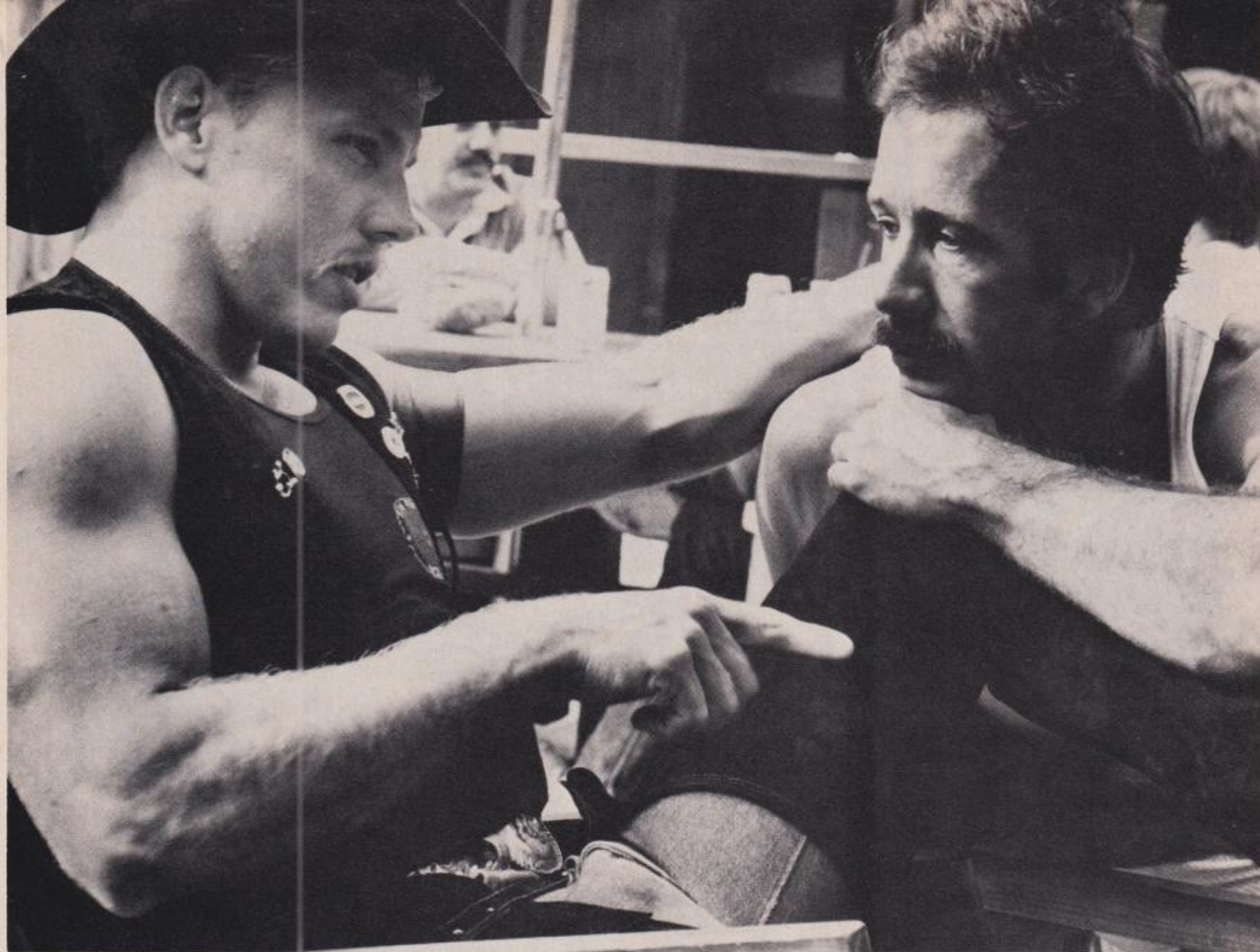
The time: late July. The setting: a very popular gay resort right in the middle of Northern California's Russian River forests. The occasion: the first Annual Leather Weekend at the Woods—a very popular and rustic resort surrounded by the redwoods that made this part of the Golden State famous.

For three days men in and out of leather got together, got it on, and were entertained—by special events, by surprise appearances, by each other.

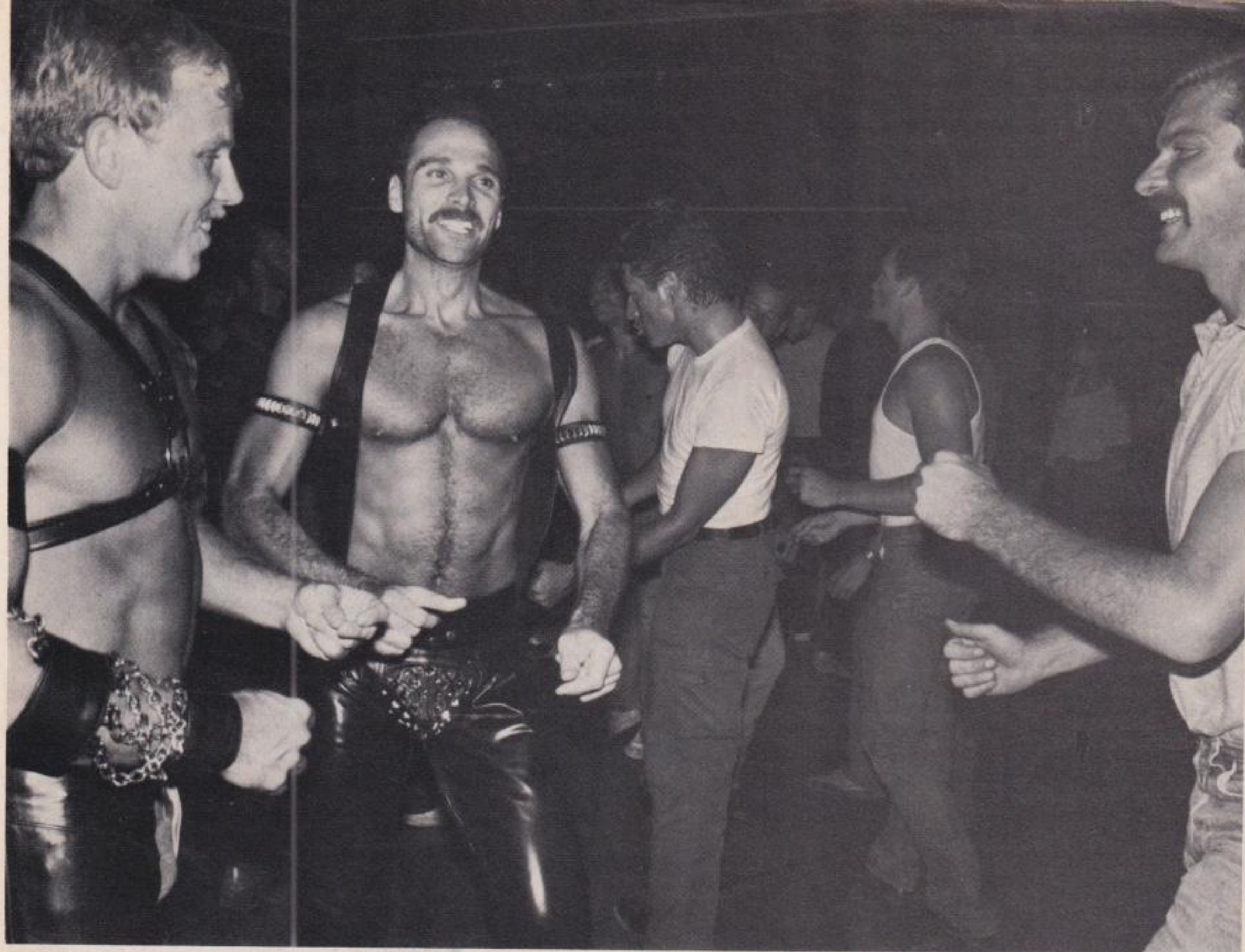


Photos by Robert Prosen





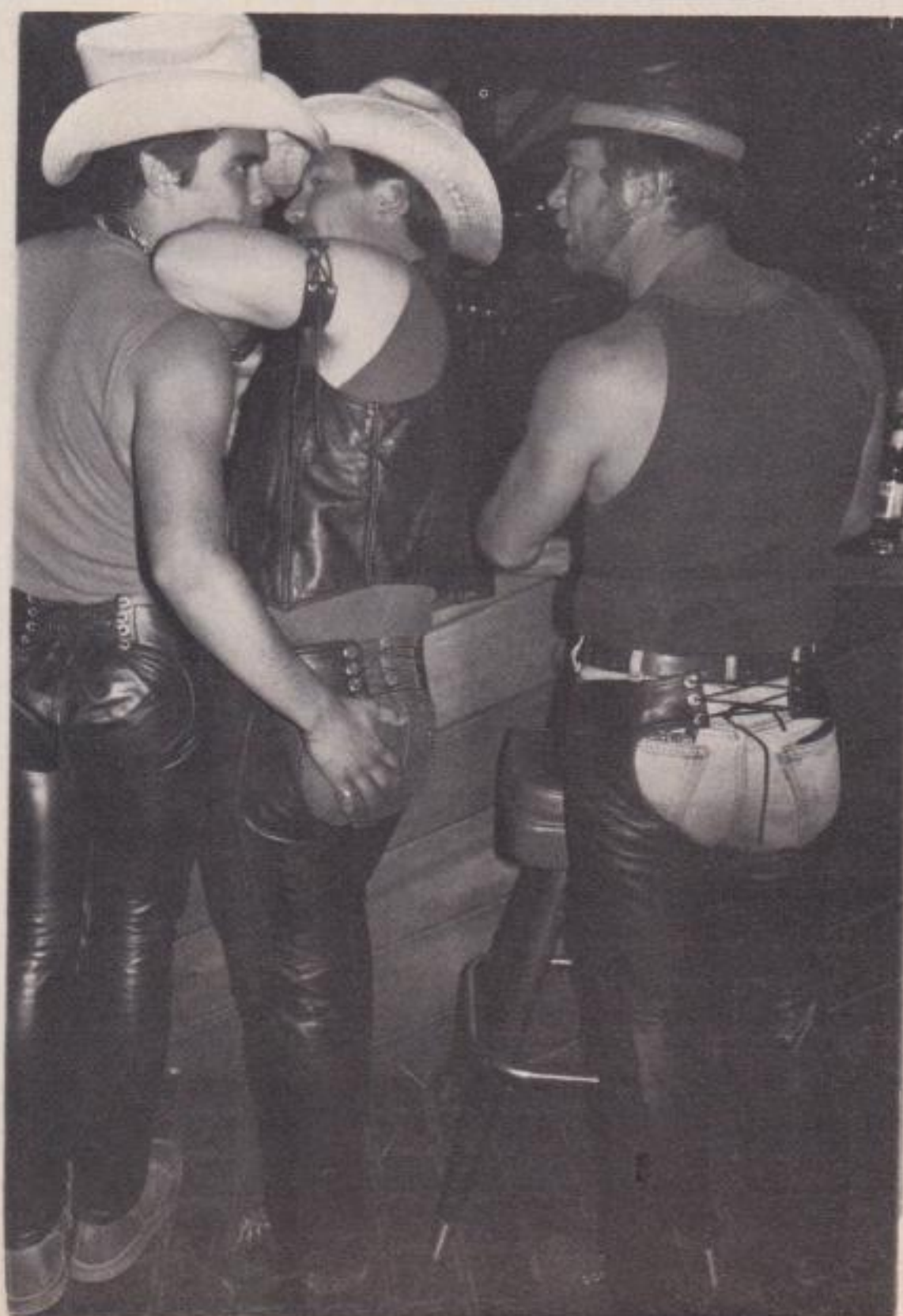




Colt Thomas, the new Mr. International Leather, made his second trip to the area in two months to be feted at a special party by the Arena. Popular San Francisco-based Sylvester made an unannounced appearance and sang along with the already-touted Tacka Boom, cheered on by the packed audience. Dancers from the Falcon Dance Theatre, who have moved into the spotlight in San Francisco's leather community, staged two different new works on two consecutive nights.

Another unannounced event was a scandalous orgy in Cabin Five on Saturday night (and Sunday morning) that was the chief topic of conversation for the rest of the weekend. While we'd never tell who was there, there was, it is rumored, a lot of surprising new meat laid on the table in that particular cabin.

The Woods was real pleased with the turnout and the high degree of social interaction and are planning for an even bigger blast next year.





# WERE YOU THERE?

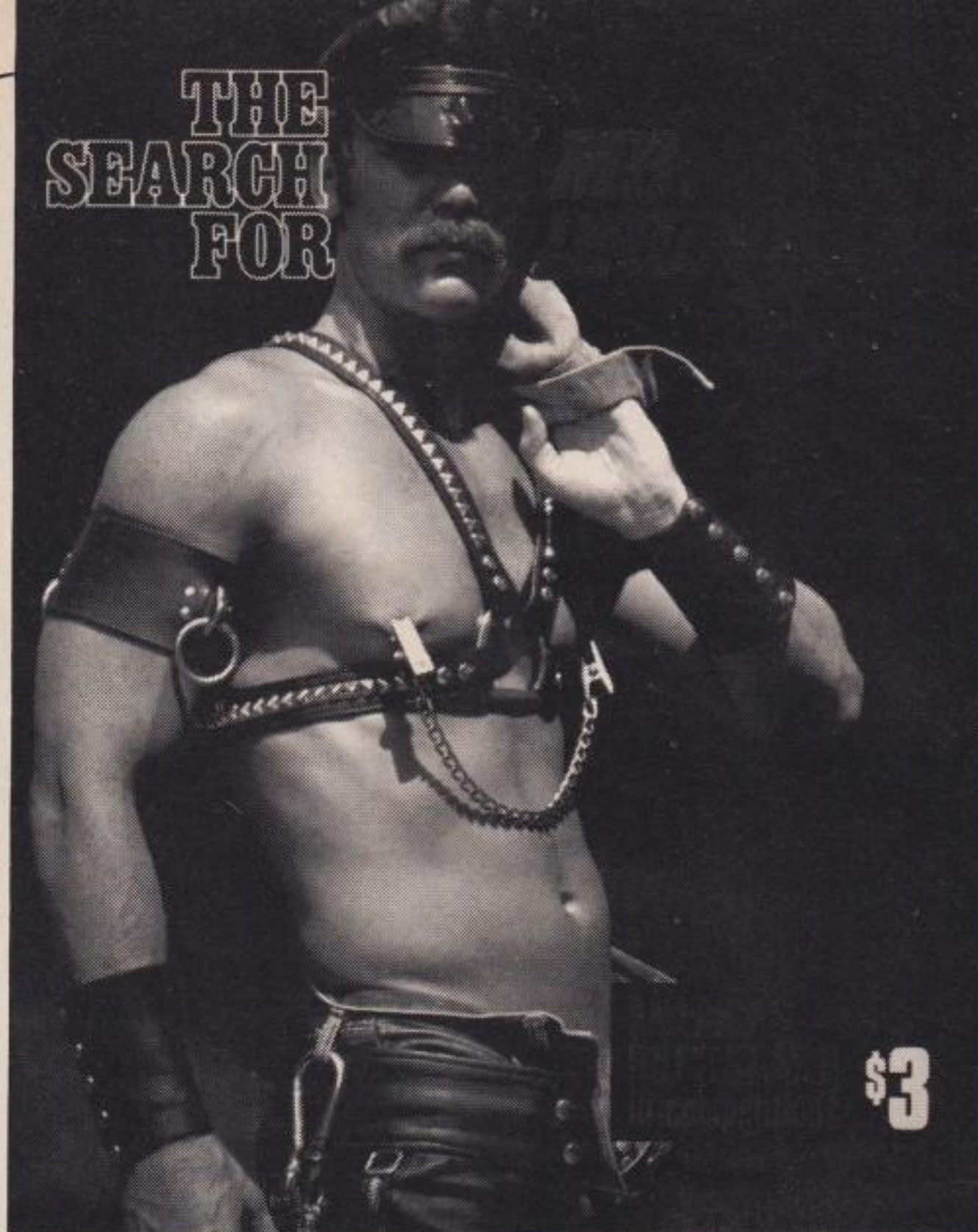
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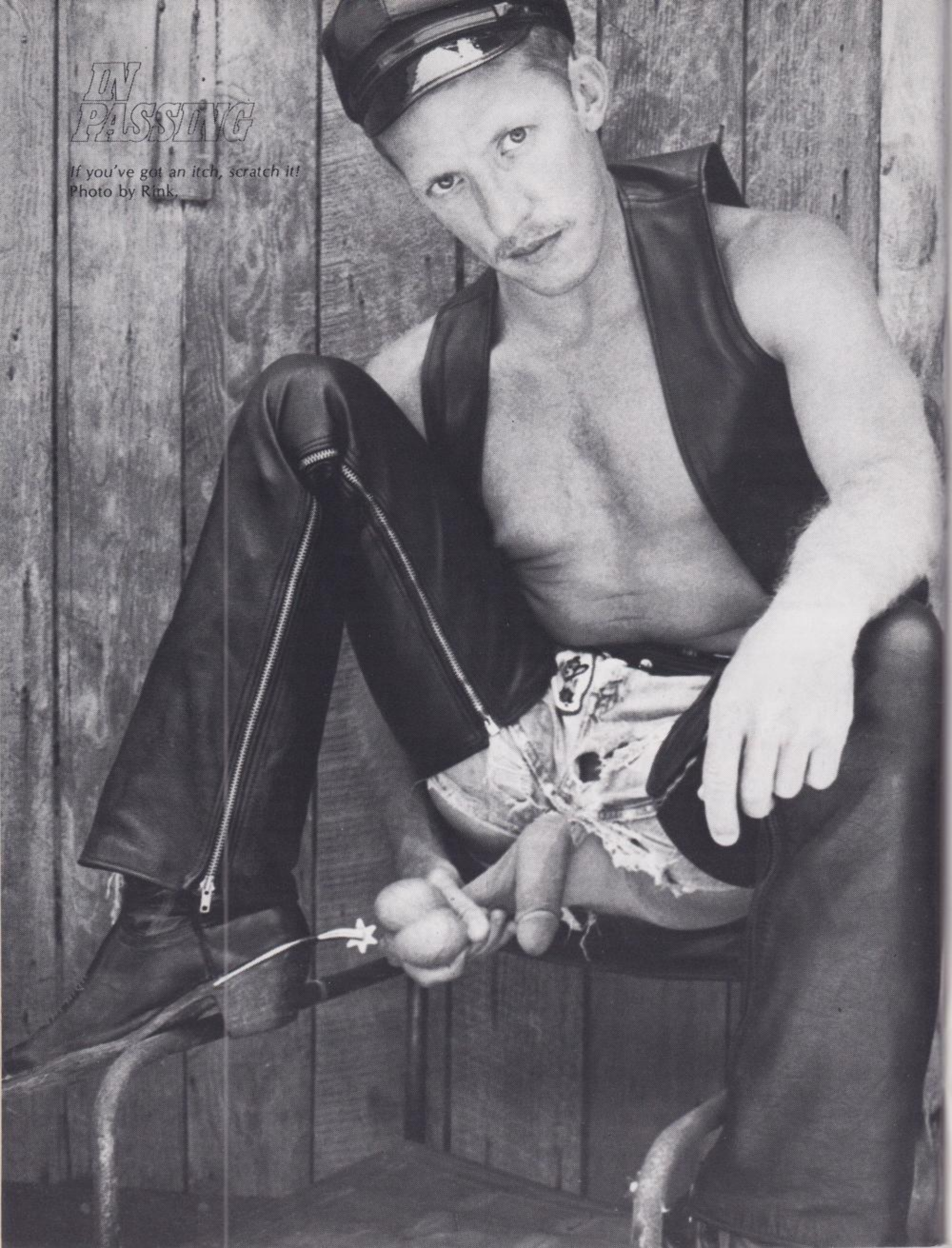
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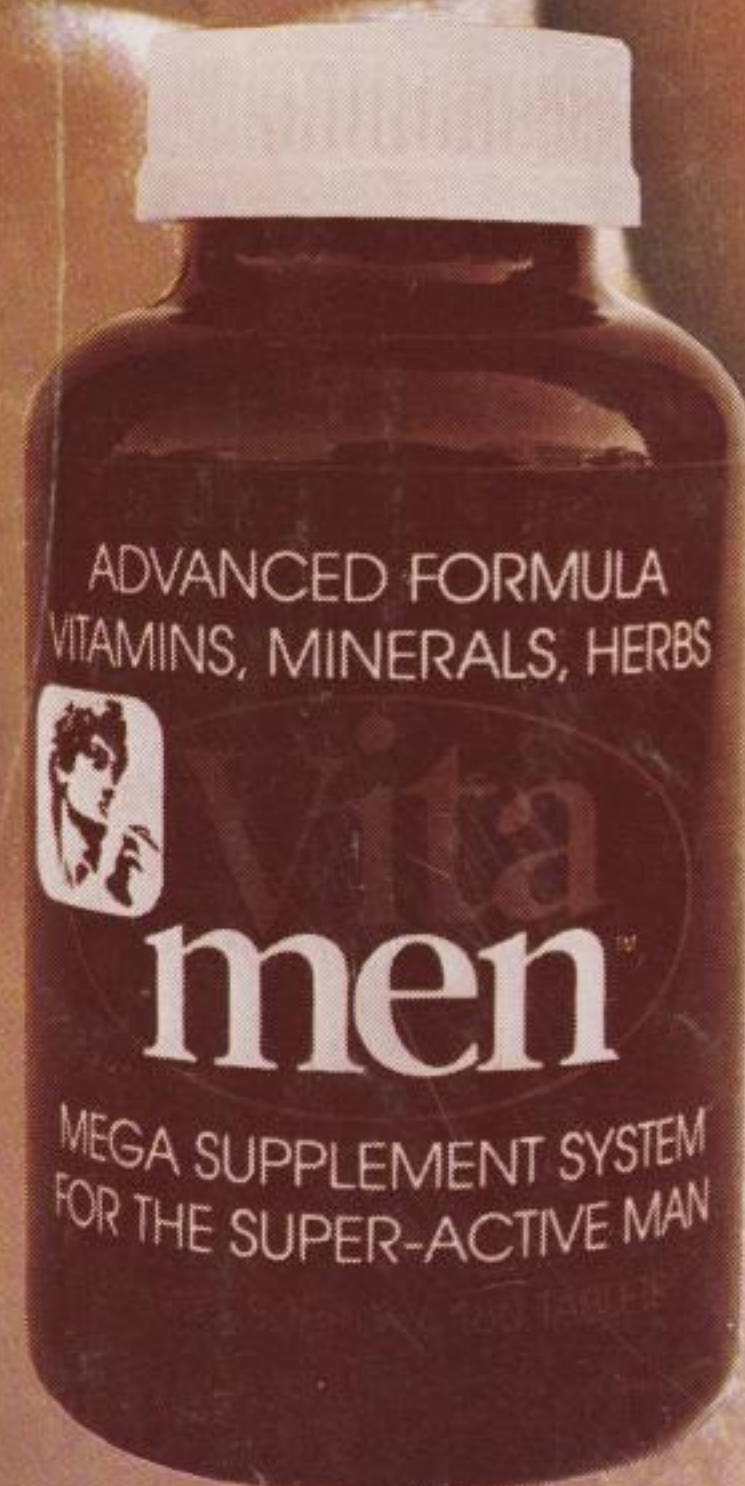
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